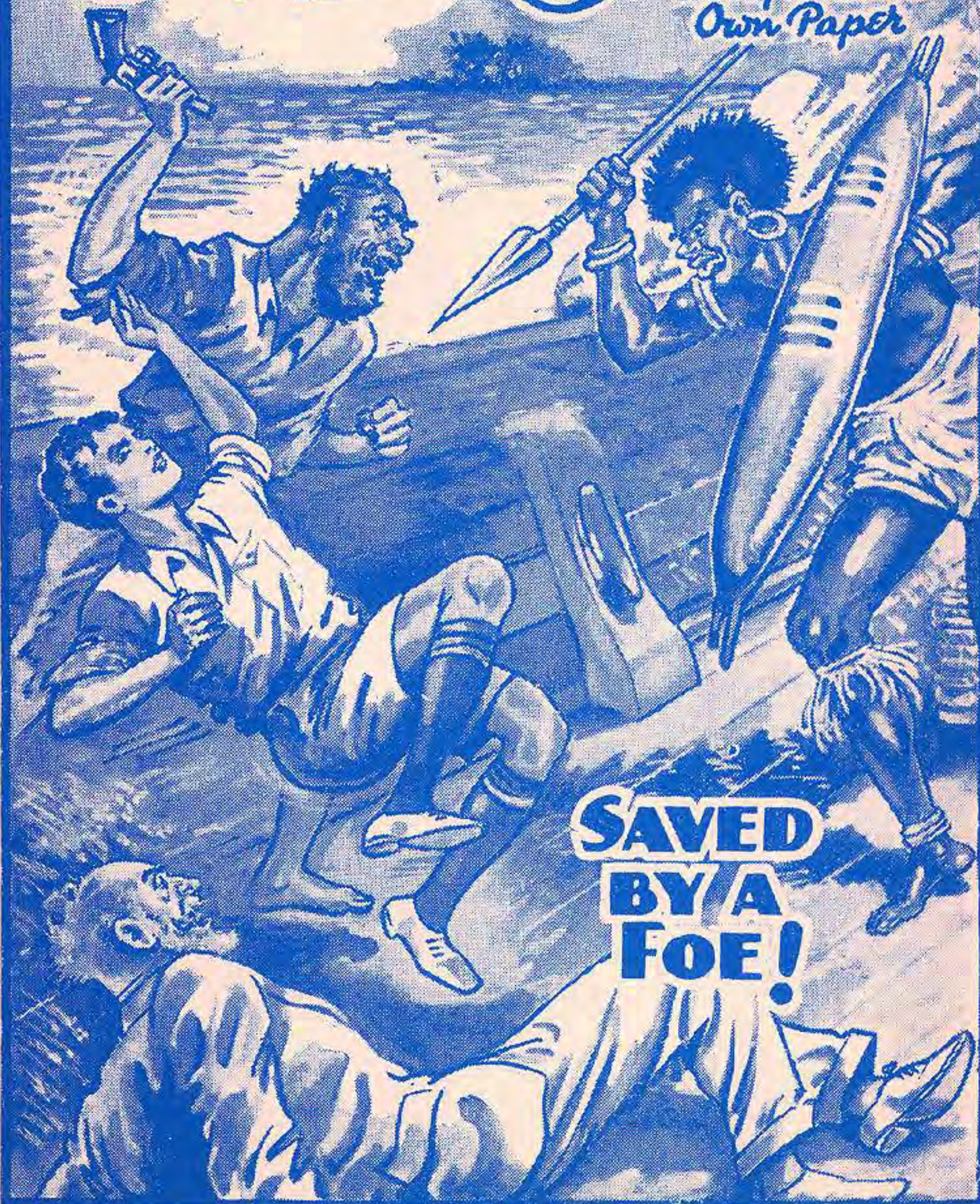


Third Round! Hundreds of FREE Footballs for Scoring Goals! SEE INSIDE

The Magnet^{2D}

Billy Bunter's
Own Paper



**SAVED
BY A
FOE!**

ANOTHER GREAT OPPORTUNITY!

500 FREE FOOTBALLS



LOOK! GREAT NEWS! News of hundreds more prizes to be won by "Footer-Stamps" collectors. The October "Footer-Stamps" competition starts this week, and you should start with it, because the number of Super Free Footballs to be won this month has been increased to 500. Think of it—**FIVE HUNDRED!** "Footer-Stamps" are being given every week in "Magnet"—they're just pictures of six different actions on the football field—and, as in previous months, the object of this great competition stamp-game is to score as many "goals" as possible.

TO SCORE A "GOAL" you must collect a complete set of six stamps (they're numbered 1 to 6), made up of the following movements: **KICK-OFF—DRIBBLE—TACKLE—HEADER—SHOT—GOAL.**

(Note that the "goal" stamp by itself does NOT count as a "goal." You must get a set of the stamps 1 to 6 each time.)

The more stamps you collect the more "goals" you can score, and there are ten more stamps here to start you off for this month's competition. Cut them out—you can score one "goal" with them straight away!—and keep them all until you get some more goal-scoring stamps in next week's issue. If you have any odd stamps left over from the two previous competitions they can be included, too.

If you want to score some other quick "goals," remember that "Footer-Stamps" are also appearing in "Gem," and "Modern Boy" each week. There are more "goals" waiting in those papers!

"Footer-Stamps" are being collected all over the country—see that you're in it. Five Hundred Footballs are going to be awarded in the October competition to the readers scoring the highest number of "goals" with "Footer-Stamps" for the month. Don't send any stamps yet—wait until we tell you how and where at the end of the month. There's nothing to pay, remember!

RULES: 500 Footballs will be awarded in the October contest to readers declaring and sending in the largest number of "goals" scored with "Footer-Stamps." The Editor may extend or amend the prize list in case of too many ties, and no reader may win more than one prize in "Footer-Stamps." Each "goal" must consist of a set of "Footer-Stamps" Nos. 1 to 6, inclusive. All claims for prizes to be made on the proper coupon (to be given later.) No allowance made for any coupon or stamps mutilated or lost or delayed in the post or otherwise. No correspondence! No one connected with this paper may enter, and the Editor's decision will be final and legally binding throughout.

(N.B.—"Footer-Stamps" may also be collected from the following papers: GEM, MODERN BOY, BOY'S CINEMA, DETECTIVE WEEKLY, TRIUMPH, WILD WEST WEEKLY, THRILLER, SPORTS BUDGET, and CHAMPION.)

OVERSEAS READERS! You pals who are far away—you're in this great scheme also, and special awards will be given for the best scores from overseas readers. There will be a special closing date for you as well, of course!

**TEN MORE
"FOOTER-STAMPS"
FOR YOU!**



Drugged and helpless in a yawl wrecked on a coral reef! It looks all UP for Lord Mauleverer, the schoolboy millionaire, and his chums from Greyfriars . . . until the man who has been their relentless enemy faces death to save them!

SAVED BY A FOE!

By FRANK RICHARDS



Harry Wharton & Co. stared with starting eyes at the man in the dinghy who was speeding to their aid, a smoking revolver in his hand!

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

In the Neck!

WHAT'S that for?"
"Oh, nothing!"

Billy Bunter grinned.

Six other fellows stared.

Harry Wharton & Co. were taking their ease in the heat of the tropic day in deckchairs in the veranda of the manager's bungalow at Kalua-alua-lalua.

The holiday in the South Seas was drawing towards its end, and the Famous Five were discussing home and Greyfriars, when Billy Bunter appeared in the offing.

Billy Bunter rolled out into the veranda with a grin on his fat face and an orange in his fat hand.

There was nothing unusual in seeing Bunter with an orange or anything else that was edible in his fat paw. Oranges grew rich and ripe and red on Mauly's Pacific island. Billy Bunter liked them—and he liked them rich and ripe.

But that particular orange was not merely rich and ripe; it was over-rich and over-ripe. It was so very rich and so very ripe that Bunter had to carry it with great care, lest it should burst in his fat fingers. Even Bunter, who could eat almost anything, obviously could not intend to eat that orange; so why he had it at all was rather mysterious.

The fat Owl of the Remove blinked up and down the veranda through his big spectacles, then he blinked over the front rail into the garden below, then he blinked at the Greyfriars party.

"I say, you fellows, old McTab hasn't come in yet, has he?" asked Bunter.

"Do you mean Mr. McTab?" inquired Lord Mauleverer.

"Eh? Yes. You know I do, fat-head!"

"Then hadn't you better call him Mr. McTab?" suggested Mauly.

"Oh, really, Mauly! Look here, has he come in?" hooted Bunter.

"Not yet," said Harry Wharton. "He's coming in to tea."

"Oh, that's all right, then!" grinned Bunter.

He rolled across the veranda to the head of the steps that led down.

.....

An Amazing Story of HARRY WHARTON & CO., of GREY-FRIARS, telling of their adventures in Southern Seas in search of Lord Mauleverer's missing cousin.

.....

Six pairs of eyes followed him.

"What on earth," said Bob Cherry, "is that fat, footling fozzler up to?"

"Bunter, you howling ass," said Frank Nugent, "what are you going to do with that rotten orange?"

"Oh, nothing!" answered Bunter, over a fat shoulder.

"Chuck it away, fathead!" said Johnny Bull.

"He, he, he! I'm going to!" chuckled Bunter. "The fact is, I brought it here to chuck away. It's

absolutely rotten—hardly holding together. I'm going to chuck it away in the garden. See?"

"Well, get on with it."

"What's the hurry?" said Bunter.

The half-dozen juniors gazed at Billy Bunter. If Billy Bunter's extraordinary antics meant anything, they could only mean that he was going to buzz that dilapidated orange at Mr. McTab, manager of Kalua, when he came up from the beach. But they could hardly believe that even Billy Bunter was ass enough for that—though, knowing him as they did, they were aware that he was ass enough for almost anything.

"My esteemed idiotic Bunter," exclaimed Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, "if you chuck that at Mr. McTab he will be terrifically infuriated!"

"Who's going to chuck it at him?" answered Bunter.

"Then what are you going to do with it?" demanded Harry Wharton.

"I'm going to chuck it away," answered Bunter. "It's absolutely rotten, and there's nothing to do with it, but to chuck it away. If old McTab happens to come along just when I'm chucking it away, that's not my fault. Accidents will happen. He, he, he!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"You blitherin' ass!" gasped Lord Mauleverer. "Drop that orange over the rail at once, Bunter!"

"I'll watch it!" grinned Bunter.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "There's the McTab of McTab!"

A neat figure in ducks appeared in the distance—that of Mr. McTab, coming up from the beach. The Scottish THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,598.

gentleman who governed Kalua-alua had stepped off a yawl that lay at the coral quay, and was coming up the path to the bungalow. In a few minutes he would be mounting the steps—where Billy Bunter stood with that ancient orange in his fat paw.

"He, he, he!" cachinnated Bunter. "I say, you fellows, don't you worry; I ain't chucking this orange at the old bean! Of course, I wouldn't do anything of the sort! I'm simply going to chuck it away in the garden in a minute or two—and if it happens to hit anybody, it will be an accident, of course!"

"You blithering bandersnatch—"
"You burbling bloater—"
"You howling ass—"
"Accidents will happen," argued Bunter. "If old McTab cuts up rusty—"

"If!" gasped Bob.
"Well, if he does, you fellows will be witnesses that it was an accident," explained Bunter. "You all know that I'm simply chucking this orange away because it's rotten. You can tell McTab so if he gets shirty. See? I don't want to have any trouble with the man."

"Oh gad!" murmured Lord Mauleverer.
"Bunter, you ass—"
"Bunter, you chump—"

"I'm not doing this to pay the beast out because he pulled my ear," explained Bunter. "Besides, he jolly well did pull my ear, as you jolly well know. Cheek! Just because I was doing a spot of ventriloquism and he spotted me. How was I to know that he'd found out that I was a ventriloquist, and he knew it was me making a dog growl under his chair? Besides, it wasn't!"

"Oh crikey!"
"Nothing of the kind!" said Bunter. "He's Scotch, you know, and Scotsmen are suspicious. He fancied it was me, just because I did it—"
"Oh crumbs!"

"He's jolly well not going to pull my ear!" said Bunter. "A beastly manager of a beastly Pacific island pulling the ear of a Public school man! Cheek! Perhaps he will be sorry for it when he gets this juicy orange! He, he, he! Not that I'm going to chuck it at him, you know; I'm simply going to throw it away—and if it bangs on his nose, it will be a pure accident. You fellows will be witnesses to that."

Billy Bunter turned his podgy back on the juniors and fixed his eyes and his spectacles on Mr. McTab, now coming up the path to the steps.

He lifted his right hand, with the over-ripe orange in it, holding it well back for a good, forceful throw as soon as the manager came within easy range.

In that attitude Bunter stood waiting, his little round eyes gleaming through his big round spectacles at his intended victim.

Bob Cherry rose to his feet.
He stepped softly and silently across the palm-wood planks, approaching Billy Bunter from behind.

The other fellows sat and watched him.

Billy Bunter, being unprovided with eyes in the back of his head, did not see Bob approach; and as Bob tiptoed, he did not hear him. His attention was concentrated on the man coming to the steps.

Bob Cherry stepped behind him and reached at the fat hand that was uplifted with the dilapidated orange in the fat fingers.

He grasped that hand, orange and all,
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suddenly, and dragged it down behind Bunter's head.

There was a startled squeak from the fat Owl.

"Oooogh! What—"
The next second that ancient orange was squeezing down the back of Billy Bunter's neck. It burst as it squeezed between his neck and his collar. Over-ripe fruit and juice streamed down Bunter's fat back.

Bunter fairly bounded.
"Urrrrggh!" he gurgled. "Who—what—Gurrgh! What—Oooogh!"
"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors.
"Grooogh! I'm all wet! I'm all sticky! I say, you fellows—Urrrrggh!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter yelled and gurgled and wriggled and squirmed. That ancient orange down his back felt horribly clammy and uncomfortable. Six fellows howled with laughter.

Mr. McTab, coming up the steps, stared. He was quite unaware of his narrow escape of capturing a squashy orange with his face—which was, perhaps, fortunate for Bunter. He stared in surprise at the squeaking, wriggling, squirming Owl.

"My goodness!" said Mr. McTab. "What is the matter?"

"Bunter's had an orange, and it's gone down the wrong way!" explained Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Grrrgh! Oooogh! Beast! Oooogh!" spluttered Bunter. "I'll jolly well—ooogh! I'll—grooogh!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Greyfriars fellows yelled. Mr. McTab had not, after all, got that ancient orange; Bunter had got it—in the neck! No doubt, it was much better for that orange to be landed in Bunter's neck than in Mr. McTab's face. But if the Famous Five could see that, Billy Bunter couldn't.

"Oh crikey! Oooogh!" gurgled Bunter. "I shall have to go and—groogh—change! I shall have to—gurrgh!—wash all over! Urrrrggh!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter rolled into the house squirming. He left Mr. McTab staring and the Greyfriars fellows yelling.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Only Bunter!

"VAN DINK—"

Billy Bunter grinned as he heard that name.

It was Harry Wharton who spoke.

Bunter gave a fat little cough. Any of the Famous Five who had heard him would have known that the fat Greyfriars ventriloquist was just going to begin. But Billy Bunter, just then, was alone in the veranda.

It was after supper, and the glorious moon of the south hung like a silver bowl in the deep, dark blue sky. Lagoon and beach glimmered in the clear moonlight.

Harry Wharton & Co. were strolling in the bungalow garden before turning in. Billy Bunter did not join in that stroll; his supper had been extensive, and he did not want to carry it about. He was leaning on the veranda rail, and as the juniors passed and re-passed below, he blinked at them with a morose blink.

Bunter was shirty! It was hours since that ancient orange had been squeezed down his fat neck, but he still wriggled uncomfortably when he thought of it. He had had a jolly good mind to give Bob Cherry the hiding of his life for squeezing that orange down his neck.

But he had had, as it were, a jollier good mind not to! Whipping Bob Cherry was a task rather beyond Billy Bunter's powers. Still, there were other ways for a fellow to get his own back—and ventriloquism was one of them.

The juniors, as they strolled in the moonlit garden, were discussing a trip that was coming off on the morrow—a cruise in the handsome little yawl that now lay at the quay. And they were discussing, too, the possibility of an encounter with Mauly's enemies—Ysabel Dick, the beachcomber, and Van Dink, the Dutch freebooter. And the name of Van Dink, reaching Bunter's fat ears as he blinked over the rail, put an idea into his fat head.

"I say, you fellows!" squeaked Bunter.

The juniors looked up.
"Did you see something move behind that bush?" asked Bunter, pointing with a fat finger.

"No, ass!"
"I fancy it looked a bit like that fat Dutchman!" said Bunter.

"Ass!"
"Yah!"

The juniors ambled on, regardless. It was possible that Lord Mauleverer's enemies might have returned secretly to Kalua, and taken cover in the bush. But they were not likely to suppose that the ruffianly Dutchman had ventured to penetrate into the bungalow garden.

Bunter gave another little fat cough and grinned. He had, at any rate, put the idea into their minds; and ventriloquism was going to do the rest. He was going to make those beasts jump!

Bunter had picked up a few words of Dutch from the talk of Van Dink. And a few words of Dutch were sufficient for his purpose.

Near the path in front of the veranda was a mass of hibiscus bushes, casting a dark shadow in the moonlight. That was the bush to which the fat Owl had so artfully drawn attention.

The juniors walked on as far as the coral wall at the end of the path, and then turned and strolled back. And, as they came by that thick, dark bush, a guttural voice was suddenly heard; and if it did not proceed from that bush, it certainly seemed to do so.

"Ach! Ga weg! Wat is dat? Ach!"

Six fellows jumped as if moved by the same spring!

They fairly spun round towards the bush.

"The Dutchman!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"The esteemed and execrable Van Dink!" exclaimed Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Look out!"

"Ach! Ga niet weg! Ach!" came the guttural, growling voice, which, if it was not the voice of the Dutchman, Van Dink, was a twin to it.

Billy Bunter's own natural squeak followed.

"I say, you fellows, look out! He's got a gun! Run for it!"

Six fellows pelted up the steps into the veranda.

Harry Wharton & Co. had plenty of pluck. But they were, of course, unarmed; and they had no doubt that the desperado was there, as they had heard his voice—and no doubt that Bunter, from above, had spotted him with the gun in his hand, as he said so.

They fairly whizzed into the shelter of the veranda, fully expecting to hear the crack of a revolver as they went.

Billy Bunter grinned from one fat ear to the other. He had made the beasts jump—there was no doubt about that!

Harry Wharton instantly turned off the light in the veranda—it was a guide for

bullets from the shadowy garden; if the Dutchman was there, and the juniors had no doubt that he was.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob. "Get hold of a rifle!"

"Buck up!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Keep in cover, you ass, Bunter!" shouted Bob Cherry.

The fat Owl was standing at the top of the steps, full and clear in the bright moonlight. That was really surprising if Bunter believed that a savage desperado was lurking in the garden, gun in hand! But Billy Bunter never turned a hair!

"Oh, really, Cherry! I'm not afraid!" squeaked Bunter. "You fellows may be afraid of a fat Dutchman—I'm not!"

"Duck, you silly ass!" shouted Harry.

"Oh, rats!" retorted Bunter. "Have a little nerve! Face it, like me!"

"You blithering Owl!" roared Johnny Bull. "He's after Mauly, but you may stop a bullet, if you stick there—"

"Well, I'm not afraid of bullets if you are, Bull," retorted Bunter.

Two or three of the juniors had rushed into their rooms, which opened from the veranda, for their rifles.

Mr. McTab came through the latticed door from the house, alarmed by the uproar of voices.

"What is the matter here?" he exclaimed. "What loon's put the light out? What—"

"The Dutchman, sir!" gasped Bob.

"Nonsense!"

"In the garden—"

"Nonsense!" repeated Mr. McTab.

He stepped to the rail, and stared down into the garden. The Famous Five and Lord Mauleverer joined him at once—each of them with a rifle in his hand now. Billy Bunter, to the general amazement, still stood full in the moonlight, at the top of the steps, like a valiant Owl that feared no foe.

"Get back, Bunter, you howling ass!" snapped Bob.

"Rats!" retorted Bunter. "Who's afraid?"

Really it was quite astonishing! The Famous Five, as a matter of fact, were not afraid of the Dutchman. But Billy Bunter was—awfully and fearfully so. Yet there he stood, cool as a cucumber, regardless of the possibility of stopping bullets.

"Where did ye see him?" demanded Mr. McTab, evidently very doubtful whether the Dutchman was there at all.

"We didn't see him—we heard his voice—"

"Bunter saw him from the veranda and—"

"Oh, ye saw him, did ye?" said Mr. McTab, turning his penetrating eyes on Billy Bunter.

"Oh, yes! Behind that bush!" said Bunter cheerfully. "He had a knife in his hand—"

"A knife!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "You said a gun!"

"Oh! Did I? I—I mean, he had a knife in one hand and a gun in the other! That's what I really meant."

Mr. McTab's keen, penetrating eyes, fixed on Bunter, seemed to grow more and more penetrating. Mr. McTab's eyes were as penetrating as those of Mr. Quelch, the Remove master at Greyfriars—really like gimlets. They seemed almost to bore into Bunter.

"Weel," said Mr. McTab, "ye saw him, Bunter, and no one else saw him, only heard his voice! I'm thinking that ye did not see him and that nobody heard his voice, either! It's not verra likely that he would speak and give notice that he was there—"

"But we all heard—"

"Surely, and so I heard a dog growl under my chair this morning, and there was nae dog under the chair," said Mr. McTab, "and I pulled that young loon's ear for it, and now I shall pull the other."

"Yarooogh!"

Mr. McTab gripped a fat ear, and pulled hard. Billy Bunter emitted a fearful yell. There was a general gasp from the juniors. In the excitement of the moment, they had not thought of the fat Owl's ventriloquism. But they thought of it now.

"Bunter!" roared Bob Cherry.

"That pernicious porpoise!" howled Johnny Bull.

"That terrific toad!" gasped Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Yaroooh! Leggo!" roared Bunter, wriggling wildly in the grip of a finger and thumb that seemed like a pair of steel pincers on his fat ear.

"I say, you fellows, make him leggo! It wasn't me! I didn't do it to make you jump! Besides, that beast squeezed that orange down my neck!"

"You fat villain!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"Owl! Leggo my ear, you Scotch beast!" yelled Bunter. "I tell you I saw him, lurking behind that—yaroooh!—bush! I saw him! He—he had a gun in each hand, and a knife in the other! Yaroooh!"

"Oh crikey!"

"He—he had, really! And I say—whoop! Will you leggo my ear?" shrieked Bunter. "You're pip-pip-pulling it off! Yoo-hoooh!"

"Was it ye playing a trick, ye fat loon?" demanded Mr. McTab, still pulling.

"Owl! No! Wow!"

"Was it no?" Mr. McTab gave another jerk.

"Owl! Yes! Wow! Only a lark!" howled Bunter. "I—I didn't do it to make those beasts jump! I—I thought it would amuse them! Yaroooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ye silly loon!" said Mr. McTab, releasing the fat ear at last. "Ye're more trouble than ye're worth, ye young rascal! And I will leave ye here to-morrow! I will not have the trouble of ye on the yawl! If ye were not a guest of the wee lord, I'd turn ye on my knee and spank ye! Ye can put those rifles away, young gentlemen!"

Harry Wharton & Co. put away the rifles—rather glad to get them out of sight, as it had turned out.

Then, when Mr. McTab had gone back into the house, they gathered round Bunter.

There was no need for speech. They kicked him in turn, and kicked him hard. Billy Bunter almost forgot the pain in his fat ears as he collected the kicks. When the juniors went down the steps to stroll in the garden again, they were not entertained by any more ventriloquism. Billy Bunter was not thinking of using his ventriloquial voice. He was using his natural voice—on its top note.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Asking for More!

HARRY WHARTON & CO., the next morning, were looking as merry and bright as the bright morning.

After breakfast they were busy preparing for a sea trip, and carrying all sorts of things down to the yawl at the quay.

It was a very handsome yawl, almost a ketch, really. And the Greyfriars

fellows were looking forward to a cruise in the same.

Mr. McTab was going with them to sail the yawl. The schoolboys were going to be the crew. Lord Mauleverer had done a good deal of yachting, and the Famous Five were all handy on a sailing craft. They flattered themselves that they were going to be quite as useful as the usual native crew, if not a little more so. And with the whole Greyfriars party on board, there was no room for any other crew.

Billy Bunter had pointed out that the cruise would be a good deal more enjoyable without that beast McTab. Bunter, indeed, was prepared to take command, if a commander was needed. And he had stated that he had a jolly good mind not to come if McTab came. In reply to which, the Famous Five had declared that McTab should come, if they had to carry him on board.

However, that matter was settled now, as Bunter was not coming. So Mr. McTab had declared, and Angus McTab was a man of his word. He was fed-up with Bunter, which really was not surprising. Perhaps he wanted a rest from Bunter. Anyhow, he had put his foot down, and when Angus McTab put his foot down, it was down!

Billy Bunter that morning blinked at the Famous Five with a jaundiced blink.

They were starting after dinner, and, so far as Billy Bunter could see, not one of them was feeling mournful because Bunter was not starting, too.

As a matter of fact, the juniors intended to put a word in for Bunter, and endeavour to prevail upon McTab to rescind his sentence. They did not, perhaps, yearn for his company, any more than Angus McTab did, but they did not want the fat Owl to be left out of a jolly cruise.

And it was going to be jolly. The last trip from Kalua had ended rather disastrously, in shipwreck and wild adventures among cannibals. The schooner Flamingo was at the bottom of the Pacific. Only a day or two ago, Captain Ka and the crew had turned up in the whaleboat, fortunately safe and sound. Perhaps, after that experience, Mr. McTab considered that the schoolboy party would be safer under his personal care and supervision. Anyhow, he was taking charge this time—for a cruise of several days.

So far, the juniors had not sailed westward of Kalua-alua-Jalua, for westward lay the "Black" island of Baloo, where no white man dwelt, and Kaminengo and his tribe were as fierce and savage as the cannibals of the island of Koo-koo, where the juniors had been cast away after the wreck of the Flamingo.

Now they were going to cruise to the west, under the careful eye of Angus McTab, and have a distant view of the cannibal island of Baloo—though only a safe and distant view. They were going to land on the little islet called Turtle Reef, which lay half-way between Kalua and Baloo, and camp a night there. Then they were going to sail round the group, look in at Pita for letters—the post office being at Pita—and sail back to Kalua from the east. Sailing the yawl by day, camping on islands by night, was really a jolly prospect, and for the umpteenth time the Famous Five told Lord Mauleverer what a
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jolly good idea of his it had been, to come out to the Pacific for the hols.

All sorts of necessary things were packed on the yawl during the morning, not forgetting rifles and cartridges, which might be needed, if they chanced to fall in with a cannibal crew in a canoe, or with Van Dink and Ysabel Dick.

But all the preparations were finished at last, and the Famous Five sat down to rest on the coral wall of the quay, where Lord Mauleverer had sat watching them cheerfully while they were so busy.

Billy Bunter, sitting there also, had watched them with a frowning fat brow.

"I say, you fellows, what about it?" asked Bunter, as the chums of the Remove sat on the coral blocks.

"What about which, old fat man?" asked Bob Cherry.

"That Scotch beast——"

"You fellows tired?" asked Lord Mauleverer.

"Not fearfully. Why?" asked Bob.

"Kick Bunter for me, will you?"

"Oh, really, Mauly"—Billy Bunter gave his lordship a withering blink through his big spectacles—"that——"

"Kick him!"

"I mean, Mr. McTab," amended Bunter, just in time. "McTab makes out that I'm not coming on this cruise. Well, I'm coming. Is this your island, Mauly, or is it that—that Mr. McTab's?"

"Mine, old bean!" yawned Lord Mauleverer.

"Well, who gives orders here, then?" demanded Bunter.

"McTab."

"You silly ass! If you think this is the way to treat a guest, Mauly, I don't!" hooted Bunter. "Not the way I treat a guest at Bunter Court, I can tell you! Leaving a fellow out——"

"I'll put it to the Caledonian, stern and wild!" said Lord Mauleverer. "I'll try to beg you off, Bunter. But you're such a little beast——"

"What?"

"Such a troublesome little beast, if you don't mind my mentionin' it, old chap," said Mauly. "You've played a lot of rotten tricks on McTab with your silly ventriloquism, and all that, and now he knows, he's shirty. And he's heard you callin' him a snuffy old fossil. Did you expect him to like it?"

"Well, so he is a snuffy old fossil!" said Bunter. "Look what he did while we were away in the Flamingo—let my nigger Popoo clear off. I expected to find my faithful nigger here when we got back; and McTab let him clear, just because there was a ship going to Tonga, and he wanted to go home. Encouraging a nigger in ingratitude. I can tell you, I'm fed-up with McTab, Mauly!"

"He seems to feel the same, old fat bean! But, look here, suppose you try to behave yourself for a couple of hours?" suggested Mauleverer. "We're goin' on the yawl by then. If you can behave yourself as long as that, we may be able to make McTab come round and let you join up."

"Why—you—you—you silly idiot!" gasped Bunter. "If that's what you call gratitude, after all I've done for you—saving you from cannibals, and from that blighter of a cousin of yours, Brian Mauleverer, who set those beasts, Ysabel Dick and Van Dink on your track, I can jolly well say—yoo-hooooop!"

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Billy Bunter rolled suddenly off the coral wall, and sat in the sand at its foot. He sat there with a heavy bump, and roared.

"Yaroooo! Mauly, you beast! What did you barge me over for, you rotter? You silly chump! What did you barge me off that wall for?"

"Guess?" suggested Lord Mauleverer gently.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter scrambled to his feet. His little round eyes gleamed with wrath behind his big round spectacles. He shook a fat fist at a row of grinning faces on the coral wall.

"Beasts!" he roared.

Mr. McTab, coming down from the bungalow to the quay, glanced at Bunter, with a frown. For some reason unknown to Bunter, the Scottish gentleman did not seem to like him very much. He seemed somehow to disapprove of Bunter.

Still, Mr. McTab had a kindly Scots heart, and, having considered the matter, he had decided to stretch a point and let the fat Owl join up for the cruise, after all. He had had a busy morning, making arrangements for an absence of several days, and, now that he had a moment to spare, he was coming to tell Bunter so.

But he frowned at Bunter's podgy back as he beheld him brandishing an infuriated fat fist, and roaring with wrath.

"Beasts!" roared Bunter. "I've a jolly good mind to punch your silly head, Mauleverer! You're a worse beast than that Scots beast!"

"Shut up, you ass!" exclaimed Bob Cherry hastily.

All the juniors on the wall could see Mr. McTab coming if Bunter could not.

"Shan't!" roared Bunter.

"McTab will hear you, fathead!" hissed Bob.

"I don't care if he does!" hooted Bunter, happily unaware that Mr. McTab was in the offing astern. "Think I care for a snuffy old Scots fossil! I'll tell the silly old ass what I think of him as soon as look at him! A snuffy old sketch—Yaroooo!"

Smack!

"Yoo-hoop! Who—what—Oh crikey!" Billy Bunter revolved on his axis, and his eyes almost popped through his spectacles at the unexpected sight of Mr. McTab. He barely dodged another smack. "Oh crumbs! I—I say, I didn't see you—I mean, I wasn't speaking about you, Mr. McTab! I wasn't, really! I was speaking about another silly old snuffy sketch——"

Smack!

Billy Bunter did not dodge that one. "Ow! Beast! Stop it!" yelled Bunter.

Smack!

"Yaroooo!"

Billy Bunter jumped away and bolted. And, to judge by the expressive expression on the face of Angus McTab as he glared after him, Billy Bunter was not likely, after all, to join up in that cruise in the yawl Palm Leaf.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Bunter the Stowaway!

BILLY BUNTER, like Moses of old, looked this way and that way.

Like Moses again, he saw no man.

Harry Wharton & Co. were at dinner in the bungalow with Mr. McTab. They were surprised to see that Bunter did not turn up for dinner. True, Mr. McTab had smacked his head half an

hour ago, and was still frowning a little, and would probably have frowned more at the sight of Bunter. Still, dinner was dinner—a function that Bunter was never known to miss.

But he seemed to be missing it, all the same. Anyhow, he did not turn up, and the juniors, wondering where he was, certainly did not guess.

Bunter was on the coral quay, blinking round him very cautiously and stealthily through his big spectacles.

The yawl was moored to the quay, and the gang-plank was in place. There was no one on board, and in the heat of the day there was no one at hand on the quay. Bunter was unobserved. Having ascertained that fact, the fat Owl cut swiftly across the plank to the deck of the Palm Leaf.

According to Mr. McTab, Bunter was not going on that cruise, and the Greyfriars fellows had to give the manager of Kalua his head. They had intended to put in a word for Bunter; but, really, it did not seem much use after Mr. McTab had so unfortunately heard the fat Owl describing him as a snuffy old sketch.

Bunter realised that there was nothing doing, so far as Mr. McTab was concerned; but he was going, all the same. While all the fellows were at dinner was Bunter's opportunity. Bunter was going to be safely stowed away on that yawl before the party came on board. Once they were out at sea, it would be all right. Mr. McTab would hardly put back to land him, and certainly he could not drop him overboard.

It was only a question of keeping out of sight for a couple of hours or so. That, Bunter considered, would be easy. It was not a large vessel, but there would be some recess where he could hide himself for so short a time.

Bunter was quite determined that he was not going to be left behind to please a snuffy old fossil. He was even prepared to cut tiffin to carry out his plan. That was a fearful hardship; but he had fortified himself with a solid snack about twice as large as any other fellow's dinner in readiness. Besides, there was plenty of grub on the yawl, and he could make up for lost time when he showed up—which would be as soon as the Palm Leaf was well out to sea.

On the little deck of the yawl Bunter blinked round him. There was a fore-castle about as large as a cupboard, and fairly well filled with the belongings of the Greyfriars party. For a yawl, the Palm Leaf was rather roomy; still, there certainly was not a lot of space to spare. The Greyfriars fellows were going to camp on deck if they passed a night on board, but the intention was to camp on islands at night.

Bunter rolled down the companion. The space below was divided into a cabin and a lazaretto. In the cabin were two bunks, both occupied at the moment with various bundles and packages. No hiding-place seemed available there, and Bunter rolled into the lazaretto.

That apartment was fairly well packed. Stores of all kinds were packed there, as well as two casks of water. Behind the casks, in the farthest corner aft, were rolls of canvas, the lazaretto being also the sail-room, and containing spare sail and ropes.

Billy Bunter's eyes gleamed behind his spectacles. That was the spot!

That spare canvas was not likely to be wanted in a hurry. Certainly it was not likely to be moved before the yawl was out at sea, even if it was wanted on the trip at all.

A fellow parked in the corner behind



Van Dink shot a quick glance at the sleeping crew, and then his eyes fixed on the staring junior at the tiller. "Ach! You did not drink the water, neen?" he asked. "The—the water!" muttered Harry Wharton. "You villain! You have drugged them!"

it would be absolutely safe from discovery.

"He, he, he!" chuckled Bunter.

The fat junior squeezed round the casks. He shifted the canvas, and sat down in the corner behind it.

There was, happily, space even for Bunter's rather ample form. He sat with his podgy back to the timber in quite a comfortable attitude. The rolls of canvas completely screened him.

It was safe as houses!

True, it was a bit stuffy. It was warm. It was, in fact, rather like an oven. But that could not be helped. After all, it was not for long. In an hour or less the Palm Leaf would be under way. Once outside the reef, the fat Owl could venture to show up.

Bunter, grinning, settled down comfortably to wait. Between the heat and the solidity of the snack he had so thoughtfully taken in lieu of dinner, he was rather disposed to go to sleep.

He was, in fact, nodding in his hiding-place when there was a trampling of feet on the deck above and a buzz of cheery voices.

The Greyfriars crew had come on board.

Bunter sat up and listened.

He heard a trampling on the little ladder in the companion and footsteps in the cabin. Bags and packages were dumped down.

"Jolly little craft!"

It was Bob Cherry's voice, quite audible to Bunter; Bob, in the cabin, was hardly ten or twelve feet from Bunter in the lazaretto.

"Topping!" said Harry Wharton.

"The topfulness is terrific!"

"I suppose it's no good speaking to McTab before they cast off?" went on Bob. "He's too waxy with Bunter."

"Fraid not! The fat ass would ask for it!"

"Beast!" breathed Bunter.

"The old fat bean cut tiffin," said Bob. "He will have a tremendous appetite when he gets going! He will enjoy his afternoon!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Rotters!" breathed Bunter.

"The fact is, I don't think Bunter would like the cruise much," said Harry Wharton. "We're the crew, and there will be plenty of pulling and hauling, and every man will have to play up, and take a turn at the tiller, too. Bunter would want to slack about and laze, as usual, and that would get McTab's rag out. Most likely he would be smacking Bunter's fat head half the time for shirking. Bunter wouldn't really enjoy that."

"The enjoyfulness would not be terrific!" chuckled Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Come on!"

The juniors tramped back to the deck.

"Yah!" breathed Bunter. "Swabs!"

Pulling and hauling and making himself useful in any way that required exertion certainly did not appeal to Billy Bunter. Bunter had no intention whatever of putting in a single spot of work during that cruise. Sailing the yawl was a pleasure to the other fellows; to Bunter it was work, and the whole clan of McTab could not have made Billy Bunter work. Bunter was prepared to make that very clear to Angus McTab when he showed up. But he was not going to show up yet.

Very shortly the Palm Leaf was in motion. Mr. McTab took the tiller, and the Greyfriars crew stood at sheets and halyards, and the little craft glided away across the lagoon.

Billy Bunter, in his hiding-place, chuckled.

The Palm Leaf was under way. Before long it would be running out of the reef passage into the Pacific. After that, all would be safe. In a happy and satisfied frame of mind, Billy Bunter allowed his eyes to close behind his big spectacles, and, lulled by the motion of the vessel, dropped into slumber.

He slept!

And he snored!

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Not Too Late!

"MY gudeness!" said Mr. McTab. He was puzzled.

So were some of the juniors, who were aft.

The yawl was running lightly across the lagoon of Kalua-alua-lalua.

Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry and Lord Mauleverer, who formed the star-board watch, were on duty. Johnny Bull, Frank Nugent, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, who formed the port watch, were all on deck ready to lend a hand if needed. Mr. McTab was steering, though he was going to hand over the helm to one of the crew when the Palm Leaf was safe outside the reef.

But it was, as yet, only half-way across the lagoon, when Mr. McTab began to cast puzzled glances round him.

From somewhere there came a deep, rumbling sound, which sounded like the rumble of distant thunder.

Several times the manager of Kalua glanced round at the sky. But the weather was perfect; hardly a cloud was drifting in the blue heavens; there was absolutely no sign of bad weather. It was not the rumble of distant thunder that came to his ears, though it sounded like it.

It dawned on him at last that it came
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from below! But that was still more surprising.

It was impossible to suppose that a grampus could have got on board the Palm Leaf and was grunting and snorting below. But something was!

The fact was, that Mr. McTab, standing at the tiller, was almost directly over Billy Bunter's head, as the fat junior slept and snored in the lazaretto beneath him. Only the deck was between them, and the deck, though strong enough, was not fearfully thick. Billy Bunter's hefty snore, which was wont to echo from one end to the other of the Remove dormitory at Greyfriars, rumbled far from his hiding-place. Bunter's fat head was hardly more than three feet below the soles of Mr. McTab's shoes. And his snore was audible—more than audible!

"It's some animal on the packet!" said the astonished Mr. McTab. "Have ye been bringing any animal on board?"

"Nunno!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Harry Wharton.

Mr. McTab could not understand or account for that remarkable rumble from below. But the Greyfriars fellows, as they heard it, exchanged glances.

It was, in fact, an old and familiar sound to their ears!

"That fat ass—" whispered Frank Nugent.

"That's why he cut tiffin!" murmured Bob.

"The terrific idiot!"

"Oh, gad!" murmured Lord Mauleverer, "The howlin' ass!"

"I must look into this!" said Mr. McTab. "Take the tiller, Wharton, will ye? We're no' near the reef yet, and I can trust ye with it. I must

surely look into this! Ye haven't brought a dog on board?"

"N-n-no!"

"It nae sounds like a dog—more like a pig!" said Mr. McTab. "But there is surely nae pig on the Palm Leaf. I canna understand it—but there's some animal below, though I've nae notion how it got aboard."

And Mr. McTab, handing the tiller over to the captain of the Greyfriars Remove, stepped down the companion.

The juniors looked at one another. They all realised that it was Billy Bunter who had parked himself below—it could hardly be anybody or anything else. Had he remained hidden till they were outside the reef, as no doubt he intended, it would have been all right for Bunter. Now he was going to be rooted out, before they were half-way across the lagoon.

"The blithering fat ass!" murmured Bob Cherry. "It's Bunter, of course—"

"Bunter or a grampus!" said Johnny Bull. "It can't be a grampus."

"Look here, let's all put in a word for him when Tabby roots him out!" said Bob. "What about it, Mauly?"

"Yaas," agreed Lord Mauleverer, "let's!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Listen!" gasped Bob.

The snore below suddenly ceased! It was succeeded by a loud howl!

"Ow! Leggo my ear, you beast! Ow! Wow!"

"Bunter!" came the roar of Mr. McTab.

"Tain't me! I ain't here!" yelled Bunter.

"You dithering loon—"

"Beast!"

"Will ye come out of that?" roared

Mr. McTab. "Do ye want me to pull your ear off?"

"Yaroooh!"

There was a sound of scrambling below. Bunter was emerging from his hiding-place, wherever it was. A steady pull on a fat ear seemed to be an irresistible argument.

"Get ye on deck!"

Smack!

"Yoo-hoop!"

Billy Bunter appeared quite suddenly on deck. He bolted out of the companion almost like a pip from an orange. After him came Mr. McTab, with a grim frown on his brow.

"I say, you fellows!" gasped Bunter, "I say—" He blinked round through his big spectacles. Mr. McTab had awakened him out of slumber, but how long he had been asleep, Bunter, of course, did not know.

He was anxious to know whether the Palm Leaf was well on its way—too well on its way for Mr. McTab to put back and land him again. If it was, he was all right.

And it seemed to the fat Owl of the Remove that such was the case.

Blue waters rolled round the yawl, and the nodding palms of Kalua seemed far distant. The coral reef ahead was still a good distance, and Billy Bunter's vision was limited, even with the aid of his big spectacles. He did not observe the reef far ahead—and he had no doubt that the Palm Leaf was now well out to sea. To the fat Owl, the wide lagoon was the open Pacific—which was very satisfactory!

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, old fat bean!" said Bob. "Is it you or your ghost?"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Ye troublesome loon!" grunted Mr. McTab.

"What about givin' him another chance, sir?" asked Lord Mauleverer, persuasively.

"Yes, let him come, Mr. McTab," said Harry Wharton. "It's rather tough for Bunter to miss this jolly cruise."

Mr. McTab paused. He was not pleased with Bunter, but on the other hand, his heart was kind, and he was considerate.

"Well, now we've started, and if the loon will behave—" he said. "It will save the trouble of landing him, anyway. Bunter, ye can stay on the craft if ye behave."

Billy Bunter grinned.

Having the impression that the Palm Leaf was well on its way from Kalua to Turtle Reef, the fat Owl had no doubt that it would be too much trouble—much too much trouble—for Mr. McTab to put back, against the wind, and get shut of him.

Bunter's view was that Mr. McTab was making a virtue of necessity. He had to make the best of the fact that Bunter was on board, so he was making a favour of it! That was Bunter's view!

"Well, I'll come!" he said, "I'm not specially keen on it, but I'll come. But look here—"

"That will do from ye!" said Mr. McTab. "But mind, I'll have no slacking and shirking on this cruise. Everyone lends a hand, and you like the rest, so ye'd better get that clear."

"I'll watch it!" said Bunter cheerfully.

"What?"

"If you think I'm going to do a nigger's work on this yawl, you've got it wrong!" explained Bunter, "I'm not."

"Shut up, you ass!" whispered Bob, as the thunder began to gather again on the brow of Angus McTab.

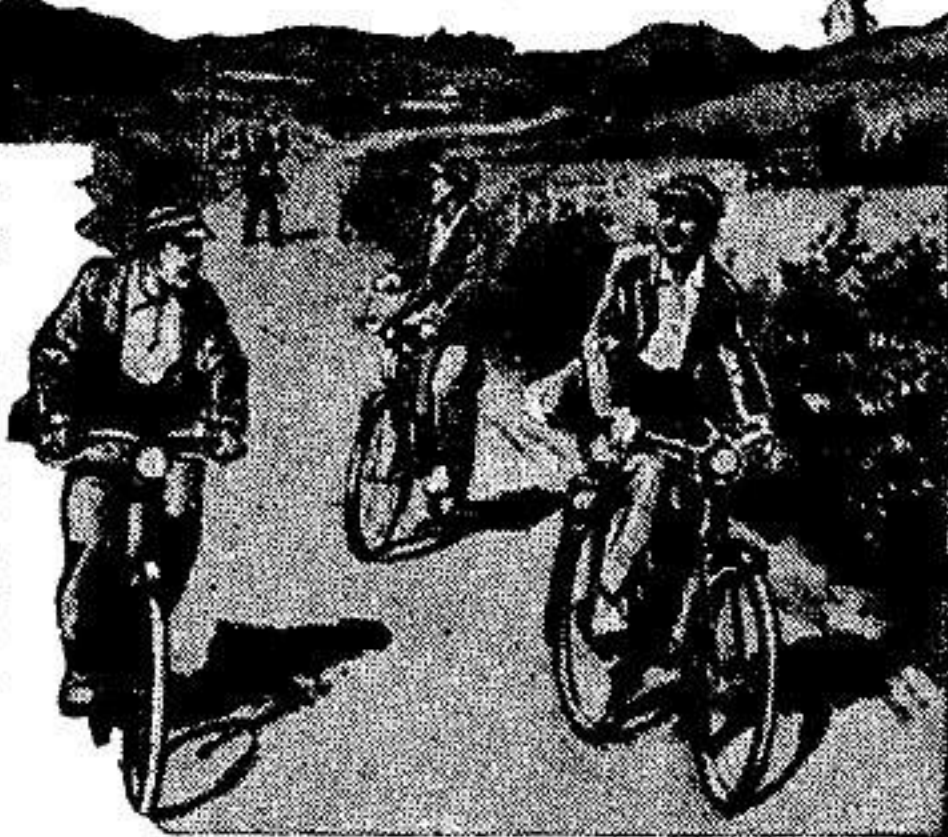
"Shan't!" answered Bunter coolly.

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"You blithering ass—" said Harry. "Yah!" retorted Bunter.

In the happy belief that it was too late to put him ashore, Billy Bunter saw no reason for taking any cheek from a plantation manager! He saw no reason whatever for shutting up! He had, in fact, some more to say, and he was going to say it!

"If you fellows like work, I don't!" he continued. "I think it's rot to sail without a crew. If you fancy I'm going to yank at those beastly ropes, and lug those sails about, you're jolly well mistaken! We may as well have that clear at the start! And if that doesn't suit you, Mr. McTab, I'll jolly well go ashore, see?"

Mr. McTab gave him one look, then he stepped to the side and waved his hand.

It was a signal to a passing canoe on the lagoon.

The canoe immediately paddled alongside the Palm Leaf.

"Well, if you'd rather go ashore, Bunter—" said Lord Mauleverer.

"He, he, he!"

"What on earth are you he-he-he-ing about?" inquired Johnny Bull.

"He, he, he! Think I don't know it's too late to put back?" grinned Bunter.

"He, he, he! I say, you fellows, are we near Turtle Reef yet?"

The Famous Five stared at him.

"You howling ass!" said Johnny Bull.

"We're not out of the Kalua lagoon yet!"

"He, he, he!" cachinnated Bunter.

"Pile it on! Think you can pull my leg? He, he, he!"

Mr. McTab turned to Bunter again.

"So ye don't want to make yourself useful?" he asked. "You want to slack about while others do the work—what?"

"I certainly don't intend to do any nigger's work," answered Bunter disdainfully. "And I don't want any jaw, either! I don't want to be unpleasant; but I've had too much jaw from you already, and I don't want any more! If Mauly chooses to stand it, I think he's a fool! But I'm not standing it, and that's that! Better get that clear at the start!"

"I'll give ye no more jaw!" said Mr. McTab grimly.

"Stick to that, and we shall get on all right!" said Bunter breezily. "I believe in a man knowing his place and keeping in it—see?"

Mr. McTab gave Bunter no more "jaw." He proceeded to actions instead of words.

He stepped to the fat junior, grasped him by the back of the collar, and, with a swing of a strong arm, whipped him over the gunwale, and landed him in the canoe among the brown paddlers.

Bunter gave a startled yelp.

"You feller boy," said Mr. McTab, addressing the paddlers, "you take that white feller along beach, along house belong me!"

"Yessar!" answered the Kaluan boys.

The yawl glided on, dropping the canoe astern.

Billy Bunter stood up, his eyes almost popping through his spectacles. Bunter was taken quite by surprise.

"I say, you fellows!" he yelled.

"Good-bye, Bunter!"

"I say, you beasts, stop for me!" yelled Bunter. "I say, ain't we really out of the lagoon yet?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beasts! I say, I'm coming!" roared Bunter. "Oh crikey! I say, you rotters! I say, you swabs! Look here, tell that beast McTab to turn round! Do you hear, you rotters? I say—"

Billy Bunter's yell died away as the brown paddlers paddled away to the coral quay of Kalua.

The fat Owl glared after the gliding yawl with a glare that almost cracked his spectacles. He yelled, and waved a fat hand. But it booted not. Bunter had asked for it, and got it, and the Palm Leaf glided out at the reef passage, and spread her canvas to the wind on the Pacific—minus Bunter!

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

The Parting of the Ways!

YSABEL DICK, the beachcomber, stood leaning on a slanting palm-trunk on the tiny island of Turtle Reef, looking across the blue Pacific eastward.

Far away across the blue, the hilltop of Kalua could be seen; nearer at hand, a white sail that danced and glanced on the sea.

The outcast of Kalua stared, with a gloomy, knitted brow, heedless of the grunting, snarling voice of Van Dink, the Dutchman, sprawling under the palm-shade near at hand.

Turtle Reef was a mere speck in the sea, midway between Kalua and Baloo. From it the two islands could be seen—Kalua to the east and the cannibal island of Baloo to the west. There were a few dozen palms, a straggle of hibiscus bushes. No inhabitant had ever lived on Turtle Reef; a human foot hardly ever trod its shore. That made it a safe lurking-place for the outcast of Kalua and his associate, the Dutch freebooter.

But during the days that they had lurked on the little isle in sight of the distant hilltop of Kalua, Ysabel Dick had made no move, and his confederate was growing more and more savagely impatient.

Now, as he watched the sail that danced in the sunlight, the grunting voice of the Dutchman came to his ears.

"Ach! Fool—fool!" growled Van Dink. "What is the matter with you? Have you lost your courage or lost your senses? In a short time now the school-boys will be gone from Kalua; they are here for a holiday, and it cannot last much longer. If Lord Mauleverer returns home, your game is up!"

The outcast of Kalua did not heed if he heard. The sprawling Dutchman gave him a bitter, evil look.

"But for your folly, the game would be already won!" he went on. "The boy could have been sent to the bottom of the Pacific! But you would not stand for that, fool that you are! You would have marooned him, but now you seem to have forgotten even that! You waste day after day, and in perhaps a week more they will be gone! Is that what you want?"

Ysabel Dick glanced down at the ruffian at last.

"Perhaps that is what I want!" he snapped. "The boy released me; but for him, I should be a prisoner on Kalua. He released me to carry a message to Brian Mauleverer, never guessing the truth. It was a message of forgiveness and kindness—"

"Ach! A trick!" grunted the Dutchman.

"So I thought—so I could not help but think, being what I am!" said the beachcomber bitterly. "But it was not a trick. He knows that his cousin, Brian Mauleverer, has plotted against his liberty, if not his life. And he sent him a message of forgiveness and an offer of help. I will not raise my hand against him."

The Dutchman sat up.

"Ach! Fool! He stands between you and fortune—a fortune that I am to share! And you tell me—"

"You will never share it," said the beachcomber. "I have thought it out, again and again, while we have been on this reef, and I have decided. Lord Mauleverer has nothing to fear from me. He will receive no word from Brian Mauleverer. But when his holiday is over he will return safe to England, and I—"

"And you will comb a beach again!" said the Dutchman, with a bitter sneer.

"Perhaps. Go your own way, Van Dink! Take the canoe, and leave me here! I am done with you!"

The Dutchman sat glaring at the outcast of Kalua, and for several minutes a stream of Dutch oaths poured from his lips.

Unheeding him, the beachcomber watched the glancing sail on the blue. It was drawing nearer, and he wondered if it were going to touch at the islet.

"Ach! You are done with me?" growled the Dutchman, his harsh voice shaking with rage. "I am to have nothing, after all I have done, and risked?"

"It was your own choice," said Ysabel Dick sullenly. "Even before you found me on Kalua, before I knew that Lord Mauleverer was in the Pacific at all, you tried to take his life—"

"For your profit!" hissed the Dutchman.

"And your own!" said the beachcomber. "You butted in of your own accord; you have nothing to reproach me with, and I care not if you have! I tell you, I will raise no hand against Lord Mauleverer again, and neither shall you! I will put a bullet through your thick skull first, Van Dink!"

The Dutchman swore again.

"This—at the finish!" he said. "We are here in peril. If the Scotsman knew, he would send his Kanakas to seize us. And you dare to say—"

"Go, as soon as you choose! Take the canoe! I will keep your company no longer! I will take my chance here!"

"And I tell you," roared the Dutchman, crimson with rage, "that if you weaken and throw up the game, I will carry it through! And it shall not be a matter of marooning, but the boy shall go where he will be safer, and you shall handle his fortune, whether you have courage to put him out of your way or not, and I will stand in to share! Ach! Ja, ja! I will go, and the next news you shall hear from me is that Mauleverer is under the Pacific!"

The ruffian heaved himself to his feet. He shook a brawny fist at the beachcomber in his rage.

Ysabel Dick shrugged his shoulders. His mind, after long doubt, was made up, and he cared nothing for the Dutchman's rage and disappointment.

"Will you hear me?" hissed Van Dink. "You have the Chinaman's drug that we obtained at Pita, and we have planned—"

"Forget your plans," said Ysabel Dick. "You could not carry out the plan. You dare not land on Kalua, and I will not."

The Dutchman spat out oaths, and the man from Ysabel turned his back on him. Then, as his eyes fell again on the sail, he burst into a sudden mocking laugh. He raised his hand and pointed.

"Look, fool!" he said. "They are coming here! That is McTab's yawl! Look, and you will see McTab at the tiller! They are coming here, and the game is up!"

The Dutchman stared at him savagely, and then stared round at the sea. The yawl was running down.

to the little island, and a crowd could be seen on the deck and the figure of Angus McTab at the tiller.

The rage died out of Van Dink's savage face.

"Ach! They cannot know we are here," he muttered.

"If they find us—"

"Fool! They must not find us!" snarled Van Dink. "And they will not find us! Let them find you, if you pine for the prison at Suva. They will not find me!"

He tramped away through the palms.

Ysabel Dick glanced after him with a sneer, and then, in the shadow of the palms, stood watching the yawl.

The Dutchman's footsteps died away as he hunted cover.

For several long minutes the beachcomber stood watching, but he turned away at last in the same direction as the Dutchman. On the farther side of the reef was a coral cave in which the canoe lay, and the Dutchman had hunted cover there.

Ysabel Dick slouched away through the palms; it was easy enough to keep out of sight, and liberty was dear.

There was no sign of a human being on Turtle Reef to meet the eyes of the Greyfriars party when the Palm Leaf ran down to the little lonely island.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Camping on Turtle Reef!

"PORT!" said Mr. McTab.

"Port it is!" answered Bob Cherry cheerfully, at the tiller.

The Greyfriars crew were all on deck in the golden sunset as the Palm Leaf ran by Turtle Reef. Ten or twelve miles farther on lay the extensive island of Baloo, looming over the sea like a dark mass against the sunset.

Mr. McTab had a keen eye open on the little islet which lay like a speck in the midst of stretching reefs. Bob Cherry was at the tiller, the other fellows at the ropes, and Mr. McTab rapped orders, which were promptly obeyed. There was only one anchorage, and it required care to reach it in safety.

But the yawl glided safely in by the sharp teeth of the coral, and the anchor was dropped by the Greyfriars crew.

The Palm Leaf swung to her cable within fifty feet of the little beach, shaded by palms, where less than an hour ago Ysabel Dick and Van Dink had stood; but there was no sign now of the outcast of Kalua or his associate, and the juniors were not thinking of them.

Harry Wharton pulled alongside the little dinghy that was towed astern of the Palm Leaf. It was loaded almost to the gunwale, and two of the juniors pulled it ashore. Several trips were required to land the supplies for camping for the night; then the dinghy was drawn up on the sand, and the Palm Leaf left unoccupied, rocking at her cable.

While the juniors were preparing the camp, building a cooking fire, and getting up the tents, Mr. McTab took a walk, with a rifle under his arm. He did not expect to find anyone on Turtle Reef, but within ten or twelve miles of a cannibal island it was necessary to be wary.

But the manager of Kalua, wary as he was, saw nothing of the beachcomber or the Dutchman. In many places round the little island masses of coral had been heaved up from the sea by some ancient volcanic convulsion, and

here and there among the rocks were deep, dark caves and fissures, and he was not aware that one of the little shadowy caves hid two desperate men. In their dark, damp retreat Ysabel Dick and Van Dink heard the grinding of his boots on the rocks and lay very low.

Had they been discovered, they had little chance of dealing with a well-armed party of seven; but they were in little danger of discovery. Mr. McTab passed within a few yards of the dark recess in the coral rocks that concealed them and their canoe without dreaming that any man was there.

He returned to the camp on the beach—to find the tents up, the cooking fire going strong, and Bob Cherry cooking supper. An appetising scent of frying fish spread over the beach.

In the deepening sunset the Greyfriars party sat down to supper, under the palms. The sun sank lower behind Baloo, and the moon came up in the east over the hilltop of Kalua.

Bob Cherry leaned back against a palm-trunk, stretched his legs in soft sand, and gave a sigh of contentment.

"This," he remarked, "is corking!"

"The corkfulness is terrific," agreed Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"Anybody fearfully keen to change this for Latin with Quelch in the Form-room at Greyfriars?" inquired Bob.

"Hardly!" yawned Johnny Bull.

"Only another week," sighed Bob. "Then for England, home, and beauty—and Latin with Quelch, maths with Lascelles, French with Mossos—Oh crikey!"

"And football on Little Side!" said Harry Wharton, laughing.

"Holidays can't last for ever," remarked Frank Nugent, "and we've had a ripping time—shipwrecks and cannibals and all!"

"The ripfulness has been——"

"Terrific and preposterous!" chuckled Bob. He glanced at Lord Mauleverer, who was leaning on a palm with a shade of thoughtfulness on his face. "Penny for 'em, Mauly. What are you thinking of specially—Latin with Quelch, maths with Lascelles, or French with Mossos?"

"Eh? I was thinkin' that we might stick it out a bit," said Lord Mauleverer. "Might cable the Head and get extra leave, or somethin'. You see——" He paused and coloured a little. "I don't want to leave Kalua till——" He paused again, but the Famous Five knew what was in his mind.

"Um!" said Bob dubiously.

Mr. McTab had gone back to the yawl, in the dinghy, to see all safe for the night before turning in. The juniors were waiting for him to return. It was quite dark now, save for the glimmer of the moon.

"I suppose you fellows think me rather an ass," went on Lord Mauleverer in a low voice, "but——"

"Well, you are an ass, old chap!" said Johnny Bull. "You've found out now that that cousin of yours Brian Mauleverer set those brutes on your track—Ysabel Dick and Van Dink. You jolly well know that his game is to step into your shoes."

"Yaas, but——"

"You'll be safer at Greyfriars than in the South Seas, with Brian Mauleverer knocking about, looking for a chance at you," said Johnny.

"Yaas, but——"

"The butfulness is terrific," murmured Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"But I don't want to go till I've had word from old Brian," said Lord Mauleverer. "I sent him a message by that beachcombin' blighter when I let him loose on Kalua, and I want to get

word from him. You see, he's a bad hat; I'm afraid he's a very bad hat. But blood's thicker than water—what?"

"Yes," said Harry slowly, "but——"

"Old Brian's not so bad as you might think from his goin's on," went on Mauleverer. "You see, he wrote home askin' for help, and drifted off from Pita before he got an answer, from what I can make out. I fancy he got it into his head that he was turned right down, and that made him bitter. He never had the foggiest idea that I came out here these hols chiefly to look for him and give him a helpin' hand. I don't think he'd have acted as he's done if he'd known all that, you know."

The Famous Five were silent.

Their own opinion of Brian Mauleverer could not have been expressed in polite language.

But it was like old Mauly to find excuses for anyone. He had been in constant peril during that holiday in the Pacific Islands, and it had transpired that he owed it all to his Cousin Brian—keeping behind the scenes and pulling the strings.

Had the Dutchman sent him to the bottom of the Pacific, or had the beachcomber succeeded in marooning him on an unknown island, Brian would have stepped into his shoes. Yet that knowledge seemed to make no difference to Mauly's desire to find his missing cousin and set him on his feet again.

It was like old Mauly—but his friends could not help thinking that the best and safest place for Brian was behind prison bars.

"I don't think it's really as bad as it looks," went on Lord Mauleverer. "Brian never stood for that Dutchman's game, I'm quite sure of that. That brute would have knocked me on the head; must have been exceedin' his instructions, I fancy—like the brute he is!"

"But——" said Harry.

"I mean to say, the other rascal—Ysabel Dick—was only trying to get away with marooning me," said Mauleverer. "That's what Brian stood for—and it was bad enough, of course. But old Brian never meant anythin' worse than that; and if he'd known how the matter really stood he wouldn't have stood for that, either. If I could only get in touch with him——"

"You don't think he'd bag you if you did?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Well, I think if I had a talk with him I'd rather open his eyes and make him see reason," said Lord Mauleverer. "And I'm jolly well not goin' to leave Kalua if I can help it till I've had a word with Brian. That beachcomber promised to carry my message. And I may hear from Brian any day—what?"

"My dear chap," said Harry, "we shall have to go when the day comes. Mr. McTab's told us that a vessel is coming to Kalua in a day or two that will carry us down to Suva—a ketch called the Dawn——"

"Yaas, but——"

"That's the ketch we saw when we were on the schooner," said Bob Cherry. "You fellows remember we sighted it again in the storm when we were on the raft. The Skipper is a chap named King—they call him King of the Islands——"

"And McTab specially wants us to sail with him down to Suva," said Frank Nugent. "Tabby's got a very high opinion of him."

"Yaas. But——"

"You'll have to sail when King of the Islands sails from Kalua, Mauly, old man!" said Harry Wharton. "After all, it's nearly a week from now before

we have to go, and you may get word from your jolly old cousin by that time—if he intends to send word at all."

"Yaas. But—"
"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here comes Tabby!" said Bob Cherry, as the dinghy came back from the Palm Leaf, and Mr. McTab landed.

"Bed!" called out Mr. McTab.
And the Greyfriars juniors went to their tents.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Rogues Fall Out!

YSABEL DICK stirred in his bed of sand in the coral cave on the reef.

At the narrow opening of the cave was a glimmer of moonlight. In that glimmer stood a bulky form, and the beachcomber sat up and stared at it.

It was long past midnight, but the Dutchman had not been sleeping. He had left the cave while the beachcomber slept, and now he was returning. And Ysabel Dick's eyes glittered at him in the dusk of the cave, as he realised it.

The fat Dutchman tramped in, and bent over him.

"Ach! You are awake!" he grunted.

"What have you done?" muttered the beachcomber. "If you have dared to harm the boy, I will put a bullet through your carcass, here and now!"

The heavy Dutchman slumped down in the sand, leaning on the rock. His piggy eyes gleamed evilly at the outcast of Kalua.

"I have seen them!" he said. "They are camped on the beach! They sleep in tents—the yawl rides at anchor! They know nothing of us."

"They will be gone in the morning," said Ysabel Dick. "They are on a cruise, I suppose, and camping ashore at night. We are safe here."

"This is a chance!" muttered the Dutchman. "Listen to me! There is no one on the yawl. If you had the courage and the nerve to reach it and hide on board—"

"Well?" snarled the beachcomber. "What then?"

"Do you not understand?" breathed the Dutchman. "They are too many to handle—they are armed, and they would shoot us down like dogs if we attacked them—there is no chance of that. But—you have in your pocket the Chinaman's drug—do you not understand?"

Ysabel Dick peered at him in the dusk.

"I tell you, I will not use it!" he grunted.

"You have not forgotten what the plan was!" went on the Dutchman, unheeding. "It would have been risky to land on Kalua, but you fancied that there might be a chance—watching them, on some of their excursions on the island, finding an opportunity of dropping the drug in their food or drink, and then having the young lord at your mercy—"

"I tell you, that game is up!"

"Will you listen?" snarled Van Dink.

"It was a chance, but a desperate one; but now—now there is certainty, if you have the courage! Get to the yawl and find a hiding-place on board—and can you fail to find an opportunity of using the drug? Then—think—the yawl and the whole crew at your mercy, including the Scotsman who had you beaten with a lawyer-cane—think of it! While they sleep under the drug, you bind them—they wake helpless! You run the yawl on the rocks of Baloo, escape in the dinghy and return here, and leave the cannibals of Baloo to do your work for you. What do you think of that?"

His piggy eyes gleamed eagerly at the beachcomber.

Ysabel Dick sat silent.

Perhaps he was tempted, and his resolution was shaken. It was, as the Dutchman said, a certainty, or almost a certainty. By camping for the night on Turtle Reef, the Greyfriars party had given the outcast of Kalua this chance—and if he took advantage of it—

"Think!" breathed the Dutchman. "Vengeance, and fortune—everything in your hands, my friend! It is the last chance—soon they will be gone from these seas, and beyond our reach! Think!"

The beachcomber gave a bitter laugh. "Death for them, on the shore of Baloo, title and fortune for me, in my own country!" he said.

"Ja, ja! You will not lose this chance?"

"Fool and villain, hold your tongue!" muttered the beachcomber. "The boy shall go as safe as he came, and never even know that he was in danger here."

Van Dink spat out Dutch curses.

"That is your answer, then?" he snarled. "Then give me the flask! It will not be so easy for me, as for you! But I will do it! Give me the Chinaman's flask!"

"I will give you nothing but a bullet through the head if you seek to harm the boy!" snapped Ysabel Dick.

And he threw himself down in the sand again, turning his back to the freebooter.

For long minutes, the Dutchman cursed him. Then he, too, stretched his bulk in the sand again, and there was a silence in the coral cave.

But the Dutchman did not sleep.

He rose, at last, on his elbow. Silently, he drew a revolver from his hip and grasped it by the barrel. Slowly, silently, cautiously he rolled nearer the sleeping beachcomber, and rose on his knees.

Ysabel Dick did not wake as the clubbed revolver rose—and fell! There was a crashing blow, and from sleep he passed to stunned insensibility.

The Dutchman breathed hard.

He jammed the revolver back into his pocket, and groped over the insensible beachcomber.

From an inner

pocket he drew a small metal flask. He grinned savagely as he slipped it into his own pocket.

Then he crept out of the coral cave, leaving the insensible outcast of Kalua where he lay. He dragged after him the little canoe in which the two had arrived at Turtle Reef. In the glimmer of the moon, he pushed the canoe into the sea, clambered into it, and grasped the paddle.

In the tents on the beach, the Greyfriars party were sleeping. Hardly fifty feet from the shelving sand, the Palm Leaf rocked at her cable. It was from the seaward side that the canoe approached the yawl—the Dutchman was taking no chance of being observed by a wakeful eye ashore. An hour after he had left Ysabel Dick in the coral cave,

(Continued on next page.)

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Van Dink was standing in the canoe, his hands on the gunwale of the yawl.

He clambered on board, with a backward kick sending the canoe spinning out to sea, to go adrift.

On deck, he crouched low, his first glance flashing to the shadowy shore. But all was silent there, and then he watched the canoe, drifting away to sea. In a few minutes it was out of sight, and he was satisfied that it would be far out of sight by dawn.

He crawled on his fat hands and knees to the companion, and squeezed his fat bulk down the narrow ladder. In the cabin below he breathed more freely.

There he struck a match, to examine his surroundings. Like Billy Bunter before him, he was in search of a hiding-place, which was not easy to find on so small a craft.

In the lazaretto he struck another match. He grunted Dutch curses as he peered about him.

For the slim, active beachcomber, it would have been an easier task. It was not easy for the fat, clumsy Dutchman. But what he had planned was possible, and he was as savagely determined as a tiger-shark in pursuit of its prey.

He found a hiding place, as Bunter had found it, in the corner behind the casks, screened by the spare canvas.

The fat Owl of the *Remove* had found it close quarters. The bulky Dutchman found the quarters closer than Bunter had found them.

He grunted and cursed, and cursed and grunted, as he packed his heavy bulk into the corner and arranged the canvas to screen him from view. Bedewed with perspiration, breathing stertorously, he settled down at last—but he did not, like the former occupant of that hidden corner, think of sleep! Wakeful and watchful as a wild animal, the Dutchman waited for morning!

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

The Hidden Foe!

"ALL aboard!" sang out Bob Cherry.

There was a trampling of feet and a buzz of cheery voices on the deck of the *Palm Leaf* in the bright sunrise.

After breakfast on the beach, tents were struck and packed, and the dinghy ferried to and fro. Then the anchor was lifted and sail shaken out. Mr. McTab took the tiller, and the *Palm Leaf* stood away from Turtle Reef.

The yawl stood west by south, towards Baloo. The Greyfriars party were going to sail right round that island, though keeping at a safe distance from the reefs—and from the savage inhabitants.

The rifles were stacked ready on deck, in case some savage canoe-crew might put off from Baloo, in which case the schoolboys were prepared to give them a warm reception. But that was not likely, in sight of the hill-top of Kalua. Landing on the cannibal island, however, would have been another matter, and Mr. McTab had no intention of going within two or three sea miles of Kaminengo's savage domain.

As Turtle Reef dropped astern, and the yawl drew nearer to Baloo, the Greyfriars fellows watched the cannibal island—the only black island in the Kalua group—with interest. It was a large island, lying in its lagoon within a barrier reef of coral, and covered from shore to shore with thick dark bush. More than one Melanesian tribe, Mr. McTab told them, dwelt on Baloo—generally at war with one

another, and the dark run-ways of the bush were the scene of continual ambushes and savage encounters.

Little did the juniors dream that their voices on deck reached hidden ears in the lazaretto below.

From the hidden Dutchman there was no sound.

Several times, since day had dawned, Van Dink drew aside a corner of the sail-cloth, and peered out. After packing the camping outfit below, the Greyfriars crew remained on deck, as the yawl ran before the wind, and skirted along the southern side of the Baloo reef. But a little later Bob Cherry came down with a can in his hand, to draw water from one of the casks.

At the sound of footsteps in the little companion-way, the Dutchman crouched back in his hiding place, hardly breathing.

Bob was not six feet from him as he drew water from the cask. He carried the filled can back to the deck, and the Dutchman gasped with relief when he was gone.

He stirred again from his lair. There was an evil grin on his brutal, bearded face as he drew the metal flask from his pocket.

He stood for a few moments, listening, like an animal in the bush. The deck was so close above his head that every footstep seemed to be almost at his elbow. But so long as none of the crew came down, he was safe from observation. And he had settled on his plans now.

The cask from which the junior had filled the can was still half-full of water. To empty the contents of the metal flask into that cask was the work of a minute.

Then the Dutchman squeezed into his hiding place again.

How long he had to wait, he did not know, but he knew that it was only a matter of waiting now.

In the heat of the tropical day, water was in constant need, and sooner or later more water would be drawn and drunk. And the powerful narcotic that was mingled with it, could not fail to do its work. It was, as he had told the beachcomber in the cave, not a chance, but a certainty, once he was hidden, unsuspected, on the *Palm Leaf*. Anyone who drank of the water in the drugged cask would sink into sleep, and would remain unconscious for hours. Hot and stuffy as it was in the hidden corner, the fat Dutchman squatted there, grinning with satisfaction. He had only to wait, and sooner or later the *Palm Leaf* would fall into his hands, the crew at his mercy.

An hour—another hour—crawled by. It was weary waiting for the Dutchman, sweating in the heat behind the sail-cloth. Again and again cheery voices from the deck came to his ears. The Greyfriars fellows were enjoying their cruise that bright morning. Burning sun and baking heat did not seem to worry them.

It was getting towards noon when Bob Cherry's voice was heard by the listening Dutchman below.

"Pass the rosy, Mauly, old bean!" "Can's empty, old thing," came Mauleverer's drawl. "I'll take it down and fill it."

"Give it to me, fathead! You'd spill it all over those beautiful bags of yours."

The Dutchman heard Bob come tramping down. He heard the sound of the can filled at the cask. Then

Bob's footsteps receded to the deck again.

"Here you are, old beans! Anybody thirsty?"

"Yes, rather!"

"The thirstfulness is terrific!"

"After you with the mug!"

"Here you are!"

"Wharton, ye'll take the tiller for a spell," came Mr. McTab's voice.

"Ay, ay, sir!" came Wharton's voice.

"Keep her steady!"

"Steady it is, sir!"

"Ain't we all sailormen?" chuckled Bob Cherry. "Heave ahead, my hearties! Hoist the main deck abaft the binnacle!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ye're a handy lad, and I can trust ye," said Mr. McTab. "If ye run us on the reef, ye'll run us into Kaminengo's cooking-pots. Keep that in mind."

"Ay, ay, sir!"

It was a merry party on deck.

Below, the Dutchman sweated in the heat, and grinned like some savage gorilla, and waited. He did not think that he would have to wait much longer now.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

The Dutchman's Triumph!

HARRY WHARTON stood at the tiller "keeping her steady," as Mr. McTab had bidden him.

Mr. McTab had sat down in a deck-chair, with his eyes on the line of foam that marked the reef of Baloo, well away on the starboard side. But those keen, penetrating eyes closed, and did not open again.

A slight snore came from the deck-chair, and Wharton, glancing at the manager of Kalua, smiled a little. Mr. McTab had gone to sleep.

It was nearly noon, and the sun blazed down on the Pacific with the heat of an oven. It was not surprising, for a middle-aged gentleman to feel drowsy on a burning, tropical day. But Harry was a little surprised that Mr. McTab had nodded off, all the same, as he was in command on the *Palm Leaf*, and a dangerous reef was hardly a mile away on the starboard quarter. It was not like Mr. McTab's usual cautious carefulness.

However, he did not think of awakening him. He was quite able to carry on, and Mr. McTab could be called, if required.

Drowsiness seemed to be spreading among the crew of the *Palm Leaf*.

Lord Mauleverer, in another deck-chair, had gone to sleep. That was not unusual; but Frank Nugent had sat down, and, leaning back against the little cabin skylight, had gone to sleep, also. And Hurree Janset Ram Singh, after yawning and rubbing his eyes for some time, sat down, and nodded off into slumber.

Harry Wharton, as it happened, had not helped himself from the refilled can of water. He was the only member of the crew who had not. The can and the mug stood on deck by the mizzen, for any fellow to help himself when he felt thirsty, which was often enough on a burning, tropical day. Wharton was by this time thirsty himself, but he could not reach the can without letting go the tiller, so he called to Bob Cherry.

Bob was leaning on the gunwale. He turned his head as Harry called to him, and rubbed his eyes.



Harry Wharton had no chance of swinging up the heavy tiller. The Dutchman's savage rush swept him over the taffrail, and he went headlong into the sea, the tiller still in his grasp!

"Blessed if I make this out!" said Bob. "You feeling sleepy, old chap?"

"No," answered Harry. "I don't generally feel sleepy in the middle of the day—do you?"

"Well, it's jolly queer—I do," said Bob. "Must be the heat, I suppose. But we've had lots of days as hot as this."

"Shove a mug of water this way, old fellow!"

"Right-ho!"

Bob Cherry stepped towards the can to pick up the mug.

Harry Wharton watched him in astonishment as he lurched in his walk.

"What on earth's the matter with you, Bob?" he exclaimed.

"Blessed if I know! I can't keep my eyes open," mumbled Bob. "All right, I'll get the water."

There was a clumsy clinking as he filled the mug. He almost tottered as he brought it to Wharton, Harry watching him in more and more astonishment.

He had almost reached the captain of the *Remove*, and was holding out the tin mug of water, when his knees seemed to sag, and he sat down helplessly on the deck. The mug clattered on the planks, spilling the water.

"Bob!" exclaimed Harry.

But this time Bob Cherry did not answer. He rolled at full length on the deck, and closed his eyes, and slept.

"Bob!" gasped Harry.

He stared round at the other fellows. Johnny Bull was the only one on his feet, and he was standing with a hand resting on the mast, and a dizzy expression on his face.

He blinked at Wharton, and rubbed his eyes, and blinked again.

"What the thur's the matter with us?" he asked huskily. "I say,

there's something amiss. I can't keep awake."

Wharton could only stare at him. Johnny rubbed his eyes again, and sank down in a sitting posture at the foot of the mast.

"Buck up, old man!" exclaimed Harry. "For goodness' sake, don't go to sleep! We can't sail the yawl with our eyes shut."

Johnny stared at him dazedly; made an effort to rise, and failed. Then his eyes closed, his chin sank on his chest, and he slumbered.

"Well, my hat!" gasped Harry Wharton.

He stared round the deck. Every member of the crew but himself was fast asleep, and he was amazed and alarmed. Something, it was clear, was wrong, though he could not guess what it was.

Mr. McTab was within his reach, and it was evidently time for the Scotch gentleman to wake, and take this strange state of affairs in hand.

Wharton reached out with one hand, and shook him.

There was a faint grunt from the manager of *Kalua*, but his eyes did not open.

Wharton shook again and again. "Mr. McTab!" he exclaimed. "Mr. McTab! Wake up! Do you hear? Wake up!" He shook so vigorously that the manager of *Kalua* rolled sideways in his chair. But he did not wake!

Wharton looked at him in amazement and alarm. Mr. McTab could not wake—and five fellows were sitting or lying about the yawl, deep in that strange slumber. Wharton was the only one awake.

That this could not be a natural sleep he did not need telling. But what the meaning of it was, was utterly mystifying to him.

Only he was awake on the yawl, and he could not leave the tiller. It was useless to make further attempts to waken Mr. McTab; but he shouted to the other fellows in turn.

"Bob! Inky! Frank! Johnny! Mauly!"

None of them answered, or even stirred. Wharton's anxious shouts rang and echoed through the *Palm Leaf*. He little guessed, as yet, what ears they reached—listening below!

What had happened? How was it that all had sunk into slumber, excepting himself? It looked like the effect of a drug—a powerful drug; yet how could a drug have been administered on board the *Palm Leaf*? Was there something wrong with the water? Yet how?

In utter amazement and growing alarm, Harry Wharton stood at the tiller, trying to think it out, and decide what he should do.

Then suddenly he gave a start at the sound of a movement below.

He wondered whether he was dreaming.

All the crew of the *Palm Leaf* were on deck; yet from below there came a sound of stirring—of grunting breathing. Then there was a heavy tread in the cabin—and then in the companion.

Wharton stood at the tiller as if transfixed. It was like some evil dream. What unknown presence was there, could there be, on the *Palm Leaf*, which had sailed out of the lagoon of *Kalua* the day before, with only Mr. McTab and the Greyfriars crew on board?

His eyes fixed on the opening of the companion. The heavy tread and grunting breath was coming up!

He waited and watched in almost dizzy amazement; but when a dark,

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(Continued from page 13.)

brutal face emerged into the sunlight, he knew.

"Van Dink!" he breathed hoarsely.

He gazed at the Dutchman with staring eyes. It was Van Dink—on board the Palm Leaf! Wharton's eyes almost bulged from his face at the sight of him.

The bulky Dutchman tramped out on deck. His piggy eyes shot a swift glance round at the sleeping crew, and he gave a chuckle. Then they fixed on the staring junior at the tiller.

"Ach!" he grunted.

"You!" breathed Harry Wharton.

He knew, in a flash, that it was the Dutchman who had done this, though he did not know how. His teeth came hard together. There were rifles on deck, stacked by the mizzen—but he had no chance of reaching them. He stood with set teeth and beating heart as the Dutchman towered in front of him. The ruffian stood almost touching Mr. McTab; but the manager of Kalua did not stir!

"Ach! You did not drink of the water, neen?" grinned the Dutchman.

"The water!" muttered Harry.

Van Dink chuckled.

"All but you—ja, ja! You will not give me much trouble, I think!" He chuckled again. "I shall bind you, with the rest; you will wake, while they sleep; that is all the difference; and you will see this craft go on the reef of Baloo! Your eyes will be open to see the cannibals when they come!"

He gave an evil laugh.

Wharton's face whitened.

He was unarmed; there were weapons at hand, but he could not reach them. In the brawny grip of the Dutchman, he would be as helpless as an infant. His heart throbbed.

"You villain!" he muttered. "Oh, you villain! You have drugged them so—"

"All but you!" grinned the Dutchman. "You did not drink of the water! Ach! You did not know that I was on Turtle Reef when you came. You did not know I was on board when you pulled out again!" He chuckled and chuckled. "This is the finish—the blacks of Baloo will do the rest—they will not be long in coming when the yawl is on the reef!"

He made a step towards the captain of the Greyfriars Remove to grasp him.

Harry Wharton wrenched the tiller loose, and swung it in the air. It was the only weapon available. The slow-witted Dutchman had not thought of that; and he gave a yell of rage as the Greyfriars junior struck him, and he reeled under a crashing blow.

But the next moment he was rushing on Wharton like an enraged bull, and the junior had no chance of swinging up the heavy tiller for another blow. The Dutchman's savage rush swept him over the taffrail, and he went headlong into the sea, the tiller still in his grasp.

He splashed into the Pacific and went under.

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He came up again, still clinging to the tiller, and shot a dizzy glance round.

The yawl, running on in the wind, was already distant; but he had a glimpse of a savage face grinning back at him over the taffrail.

A cry left Harry Wharton's lips—a cry of despair. The yawl, uncontrolled, was running on the reef of Baloo—and Harry Wharton was left far astern, to death in the deep Pacific.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Wreck of the Palm Leaf.

"MY goodness!" murmured Mr. McTab dizzily.

His eyes opened.

Water was dashing in his face. The drug was still heavy upon his brain; but the cold water dashing in his face, was pulling him round. He blinked as through a mist, at an evil, mocking, grinning face. The sight of the Dutchman helped to clear his brain with the sudden shock; and he made an effort to stir.

But he could not stir. Ropes were knotted on his limbs, knotted with cruel tightness; he could hardly stir a finger. He sat, dazed and dizzy, staring at the evil face.

"Ach! You wake!" grinned the Dutchman, putting down the can of water. "I have had trouble to wake you, mynheer."

"Ye villain!" muttered Mr. McTab.

He moved his head, and looked about the deck. Five schoolboys, all of them unconscious, lay about, bound hand and foot; unable to stir a limb when they came to their senses. But they showed no sign yet of recovering. One of the schoolboy party was missing.

"Look!" grinned the Dutchman.

He pointed with a hairy hand, and Mr. McTab looked, and shuddered. The yawl, drifting, was close in to the rocky reef of Baloo, where the Pacific foamed in never-ending surf.

Beyond the reef lay the lagoon; and the island, black with bush. Only too well Angus McTab knew what the bush hid. It was only a matter of minutes now before the Palm Leaf struck the coral.

"You see!" grinned Van Dink. "Ach, you see? You who locked me in your gaol on Kalua—you who sent me in irons to Suva—ach! It was a bad day for you! I have brought you to your senses to tell you before I go!"

"Ye villain!" groaned Angus McTab.

The Dutchman waved a fat hand towards the dark island.

"They will see the yawl go on the reef! Wait here and watch till they get their canoes, and come! You who sent me on the Flamingo in irons—ach!"

Mr. McTab drew a deep, deep breath.

"Man!" he said quietly. "I'll ask ye nothing on my own account—but the boys—spare the boys! They've done ye no harm—spare the wee lord and his friends!"

A savage chuckle was the Dutchman's answer.

He turned away from the Scotsman and pulled the towed dinghy alongside. Once more he pointed to the dark bush of Baloo, grinning evilly, and then he stepped into the dinghy, cast off the tow-rope, and sat to the oars.

Mr. McTab watched him as he went.

The Dutchman, pulling steadily, was heading eastward for Turtle Reef. He grinned back at the white, set face of the manager of Kalua as he went.

But in a few minutes he was dim in the distance.

Mr. McTab groaned.

His brain was heavy with the drug. There was deep and deadly despair in his heart. But he wrenched and struggled in a wild effort to free himself.

It was in vain! The Dutchman had been too careful to leave him a chance. For long, long minutes he struggled, and at last sank back, exhausted, with spinning brain.

He looked again after the Dutchman. Wicked and evil as the man was, a mere human brute, it seemed impossible that he could intend to leave the yawl's crew to such a fate.

But the dinghy was already a vanishing speck on the sea. The Dutchman was losing no time in getting clear of the dangerous neighbourhood of Baloo. Even as McTab's despairing eyes stared, the speck vanished in the blue, and the dinghy was gone from his sight.

Crunch!

Mr. McTab shuddered. The drifting yawl had struck the coral, and sheered off again.

There was a sound of bubbling water below.

The Palm Leaf was doomed. Mr. McTab could have wished that she would sink deep into the blue water, a more merciful fate than awaited the helpless crew on the black island. He groaned aloud in sheer misery.

From bitter, evil malevolence, the Dutchman had brought him round, so that he would be conscious to look on his fate. Every hour he had spent in the island gaol on Kalua, every hour in irons in the forecastle of the Flamingo, was stored up in the brutal mind for vengeance—and this was the Dutchman's vengeance. But Angus McTab was not thinking of himself—he was thinking of the schoolboys entrusted to his care, and whom he could not protect or save—who were doomed to share his dreadful fate.

Crash! Crunch!

A rolling wave flung the yawl broadside on the coral. She heeled over and crumpled on the coral reef. Both masts went by the board with a single crash, with a clattering and splashing of sails. Bound figures rolled helplessly on the slanting deck. Mr. McTab rolled with the others and brought up against a slanting gunwale.

The Palm Leaf had been pitched right on the low reef. She lay there with the water washing round her and splashing over the slanting deck.

For several long minutes the manager of Kalua lay dazed. But he struggled up at last on his knees and stared round him.

The yawl lay aslant on the coral, the bound figures of the schoolboys bunched by the starboard gunwale. The vessel was a wreck; the cabin below was already swishing with water.

Once more Mr. McTab wrenched and strained at his bonds—exhausting his strength in vain.

He lay at last exhausted, his head resting against the stump of the mizzen, his eyes on the reef and the lagoon within the reef.

The yawl was a wreck—the boat was gone—there was no hope of escape, and sooner or later the wreck would break up in the waves. But Mr. McTab was thinking of what was hidden in the dark bush of the island a quarter of a mile away. As soon as the wreck was seen, savages would be coming out to the reef in canoes—and they would find a helpless crew at their mercy!

He could see nothing, as yet, of the natives of Baloo. Possibly the yawl had not been sighted yet. But it was only a matter of time. Before the sun went down in the western sea the canoes

would be coming. A long, long hour crawled by, and still there was no sign from Baloo.

A mumbling sound came to his ears and he looked round.

Bob Cherry, the first of the drugged crew to come to his senses, struggled up and sat against the gunwale, staring with dizzy eyes.

He sat there a long time before he could speak. But his voice came at last.

"What's happened? How did I get tied up like this? Am I asleep and dreaming, or what?"

"It's nae dream, my laddie!" said Mr. McTab. "The Dutchman was hidden on the packet, and he has done this! Ye'll want all your courage now, laddie. Try if ye can crawl this way and use ye're teeth on this rope."

Bob stared at him blankly. But realisation came to him as his brain cleared. He glanced round at his companions.

"Where's Wharton?" he muttered.

Mr. McTab groaned.

"I dinna ken!" he answered.

"Oh!" gasped Bob.

He remained very still for some moments. Then, with an effort, he struggled towards Mr. McTab. He reached him at last and tried his teeth on the knots of the ropes that bound the manager of Kalua.

But it was in vain. The Dutchman had knotted the ropes with cruel care. Bob gave it up at last.

"There's nae hope!" breathed Mr. McTab. "Ye'll need all your courage, laddie."

Bob did not speak. His eyes, like Mr. McTab's, were on the distant dark bush of Baloo.

From that island of death and terror there was still no sign.

In the long hours that crawled by, the other juniors came to their senses to learn what had happened—and what was to come! They took it quietly, though their faces were pale and their hearts heavy. The sea rolled and shimmered round the Palm Leaf in the burning sunshine and splashed them as they lay—and in the intervals of struggling vainly with their bonds they watched the bush on Baloo—the same terrible dread in all hearts.

But it was not till the sun was low in the west that there came a sign from the savage island. Some savage eye had at last fallen on the wreck on the reef. Suddenly, in the red sunset, a canoe shot out from the shore of Baloo with four black men in it, paddling out to the reef.

Lord Mauleverer breathed hard.

"I'm sorry I've landed you fellows in this!" he muttered.

"Rot, old man!" muttered Bob.

"The rotfulness is terrific!" murmured Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

Then, in silence, the doomed crew of the Palm Leaf watched the canoe as it paddled swiftly nearer across the lagoon to the reef.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

To the Rescue!

YSABEL DICK stood in the blinding sunlight on Turtle Reef, watching a boat that pulled in from the western sea.

As his eyes fixed on the broad, brawny shoulders of the man who rowed, he knew that it was Van Dink, though he could not see the bearded, brutal face, and his hand went to the revolver in his pocket. But he withdrew it again and waited, with a black scowl on his brow, a glitter in his eyes.

It was not till long after dawn that the beachcomber had come to himself in

the coral cave with a bitter ache in his bruised head, to find the Dutchman gone. He had tottered out of the cave, to find that the Palm Leaf and her crew were gone, also, and himself alone on the islet.

That it was the Dutchman who had struck him senseless in his sleep he could not doubt, and he could hardly doubt why. The Dutchman had carried out the deadly scheme, in which he had refused to have a hand, and he had been left stunned in the cave to keep him from intervening. The flask containing the drug was gone; he knew that Van Dink must have taken it. But whether the freebooter had succeeded or failed in his design he could not tell—and the long, burning hours were a torment to him.

He had no choice but to await the Dutchman's return, for the canoe was gone and with it his only means of leaving the islet. Through long, hot hours he lay under the palms, waiting and watching, with aching head and bitterness growing in his heart.

If the Dutchman had succeeded he was a rich man, and had only to return to England to claim a rich inheritance. But to that aspect of the matter he gave hardly a thought. He thought of the schoolboy earl and his fate.

Even in his worst days, when his feelings towards Lord Mauleverer were most savagely bitter, he would not have stood for this; again and again he had checked the ferocity of his associate. And since Mauleverer had released him on Kalua and given him his freedom, his feelings were no longer bitter—they were rather of remorse and repentance. At the worst, he would have marooned the schoolboy earl on the lonely island and left him dead to the world. And that intention he had abandoned. What had the Dutchman done?

The dinghy pulled in nearer. He knew that it must be the yawl's dinghy—that must mean that Van Dink had carried out his scheme with success. He was rowing in from the west—from the direction of Baloo. And as he looked round and saw the beachcomber and grinned at him, Ysabel Dick read it all in his face and knew what he had done.

He stood on the sand, as if rooted, while the Dutchman ran in, stepped ashore, and beached the boat. The freebooter came tramping up the sand to him, still grinning that evil, triumphant grin.

"What have you done?" breathed Ysabel Dick, though he knew the answer before he asked.

The Dutchman chuckled.

"I have made you rich, my lord!" he grinned. "I have done what you were afraid to do—it was worth a knock on the head, I think! I have made you a rich man, my lord beachcomber, and if your conscience still troubles you, you may say truly that it was not your doing! It was mine, and my conscience—ach! It is tough and can stand as much—and more!"

"You got on the Palm Leaf—you used the drug—" muttered the man from Ysabel.

"In the drinking-water!" grinned the Dutchman. "All but one were senseless, and that one, the boy Wharton, I struck into the sea. Only the sharks of the Pacific will know."

The beachcomber shuddered.

"And the yawl—" he muttered hoarsely.

"A wreck on the reef of Baloo," said Van Dink, "and all the crew bound hand and foot, at the mercy of the cannibals. They will tell no tales when Kaminengo's tribesmen have found them. And you, my lord beachcomber, will walk into the boy's place—and share

with the man who made you rich in your own despoise."

The beachcomber stood looking at him.

Against his will, without even his knowledge, the ruffian had done this, and he returned, grinning with glee over his deed. It was in the mind of the outcast of Kalua to draw his revolver and shoot him dead where he stood on the sand.

His remorse, his repentance, were a mere mockery to the Dutchman—Van Dink had brushed them aside as a childish weakness, and carried on in spite of him—and made him, as he said, a rich man, whose riches the murderous ruffian was to share! Greed was the Dutchman's ruling passion, and he did not doubt that it was Ysabel Dick's, also, and that he would be glad, at the finish, of what had been done.

"They live yet?" asked the beachcomber at length. "Where did you leave them?"

"Drifting on the reef, on the southern side of Baloo!" grinned Van Dink. "They live—till the blacks see them there! Already, perhaps, they are in the hands of the cannibals—but a few hours more or less—who knows? But they will never see the sun touch the sea—you may bank on that, my lord beachcomber."

He laughed aloud.

"It is done!" he went on. "Let your tender conscience rest—it was done by my hand, not yours, at the cost of a bruise on your head! We take the dinghy—we cannot land at Kalua, but we can reach Suo, and hire a canoe crew to take us further. By morning—"

"Dog, be silent!" said Ysabel Dick.

He left the Dutchman and walked down the sand to the dinghy.

Van Dink stared at him, and followed him.

Ysabel Dick pushed the dinghy into the water and picked up the oars.

The Dutchman, glaring, waded in knee-deep, and grasped the gunwale.

"What would you do?" he roared.

"Are you mad?"

"I am going to Baloo!" said Ysabel Dick. "If there is a chance of helping them yet, and saving them, I will save them! If they are lost, I will never claim what the boy's death gives me—and there will be no share for you, Van Dink—what you have done, you have done for nothing! Leave go the boat!"

"Fool! Fool!" panted the Dutchman.

"I tell you, you are too late—already the savages—"

"I shall see—"

"You shall not go!" roared Van Dink. "Ach! You are not in your senses now, but you will come to them! When you have had time to think—to get it into your head that you are rich, you who have combed the beach of Kalua—"

"Leave go the boat!"

"Ach! Neen! Neen! I tell you—"

The beachcomber, standing in the dinghy, drove the end of an oar against the bull-neck of the Dutchman, hurling him back from the boat.

Van Dink, spluttering, wallowed over in shallow water, and the oar jammed on a rock, sending the dinghy spinning out from the shore.

The brawny ruffian was on his feet in a moment, panting with rage.

He plunged headlong into the sea, and reached the dinghy as it slid away, hanging on to the stern.

But his feet were dragged off the bottom, and he hung a dead weight on the boat, dragging down the stern, glaring over it at the beachcomber.

"Leave go the boat!" shouted Ysabel Dick, his eyes blazing at the savage face over the stern.

"Mad fool! Come back!" hissed the Dutchman. "I will make you—I will drag you back; I will beat you to a jelly and tie you hand and foot till you come to your senses—"

The boat rocked and almost capsized, as the heavy Dutchman clambered over the stern.

Ysabel Dick flung up an oar, grasping it in both hands.

"Get back!" he hissed.

The Dutchman clambered on. There was little chance, as the beachcomber dreaded, that he would be in time to give help to the castaways on the reef of Baloo, but such chance as there was, the Dutchman intended to destroy. Once his powerful grasp was on the beachcomber, Ysabel Dick would never carry out his desperate intention of making Baloo.

"Will you get back?" snarled Ysabel Dick between his teeth. And, as the Dutchman clambered on, he struck with the oar, crashing it down on the ruffian's head.

There was a yell from Van Dink as he released his grasp and fell back into the sea.

The dinghy rocked wildly, the beachcomber stumbling over. But he got the oars in hand and began to pull.

Behind the boat, the savage face of the Dutchman glared from the water as he swam in pursuit, with strong and swift strokes. He came so swiftly that before the beachcomber could get the boat fairly under way, he was alongside and grasping at the gunwale.

The savage, bearded face was distorted with rage and vengeance. But suddenly, even as the Dutchman grasped at the gunwale, a strange and terrible change came over that furious face.

Something half-seen glided in the water, and the beachcomber had a glimpse of white—and the next second, the Dutchman was sinking back into the sea.

There was a rush of red on the clear water—but no cry came from the Dutchman as he disappeared—and the beachcomber, in the boat, sat staring with eyes almost glazed with horror, at the flowing water beneath which Van Dink had sunk for ever—the prey of the tiger-shark.

For a long minute the beachcomber sat motionless. Then, gripping the oars, he rowed. Turtle Reef sank to a blur, and nearer and clearer, rose the cannibal island of Baloo—ever nearer as he looked round. He rowed, and rowed, streaming with perspiration, aching with heat, as if unconscious of fatigue, or impervious to it, ever nearer and nearer, till the dinghy was slipping along the southern reef of Baloo, and his eyes were on a dismayed yawl that lay heeled over on the reef, under the red glare of the setting sun.

And, as he pulled in to the reef, he saw beyond it, a canoe that shot out from the dark shadows of Baloo, paddling across the lagoon to the wreck. If he was in time, he was barely in time, and with the sweat running down him in streams, he pulled like a madman for the reef.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Saved!

ANGUS McTAB wrenched and wrenched at the cords on his strong limbs.

The canoe shot to the reef, the four blacks in it grinning as they approached the wrecked yawl.

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They were first in the field, the plunder was theirs, though doubtless the news would soon spread over Baloo that a white man's craft was on the reef, bringing a horde of savages to the spot.

Struggling vainly in the cords that bound them, the Greyfriars juniors watched them come, and knew that it was the end.

Even had they been free to use their limbs, they would have been defenceless, for they were unarmed—they had seen already that the Dutchman had flung the firearms into the sea, before leaving them to their fate. Helpless, they watched the approach of the cannibals of Baloo, and saw the canoe stop at the reef, and the blacks seize their spears and leap out of it.

Splashing in the water that washed over the half-submerged reef, the four blacks came at a run for the Palm Leaf. They reached it, and stared and jabbered in surprise at the sight of the white crew bound hand and foot lying at their mercy.

They did not look seaward, and the juniors had not cast a glance towards the open Pacific, never dreaming of help or rescue. No eye on the yawl saw a dinghy that came shooting like an arrow from the sea.

The blacks clambered on the slanting deck of the Palm Leaf. They grinned and jabbered, staring at the bound crew. It was as well, perhaps, that the schoolboys could not stir, for at a sign of resistance, the spears would have thrust. Though, if their lives were for the moment spared, they knew only too well the reason—that they were to be taken prisoners to the lair of the savages in the bush on Baloo, their ultimate fate the cooking-pots of the cannibals. Hope was dead in their hearts. The Dutchman had left them to doom, and their doom was upon them.

Two of the blacks grasped Mr. McTab and lifted him in their brawny arms to swing him off the yawl, and carry him to the canoe. The others were to follow.

Angus McTab, bound as he was, strove to struggle, but he swung like a sack of copra in the sinewy hands of the Baloo blacks.

Crack! Crack!

Two sharp pistol shots, fired so rapidly that they blended into one, rang on the reef of Baloo.

The two blacks who grasped Mr. McTab let him go suddenly, and he rolled over on the slanting deck. The blacks staggered right and left, and collapsed.

The other two, grasping their spears, stared round, and the Greyfriars fellows in amazement, twisted their heads to look. What they saw astounded them.

From the open sea, a dinghy was shooting to the reef—and a man was standing in it as it came, a smoking revolver in his hand. And the man was Ysabel Dick, the outcast beachcomber of Kalua.

"Oh, gad!" gasped Lord Mauleverer. The juniors stared with starting eyes at the man in the dinghy. They had had no hope—but if they had dreamed of help, they would never have dreamed of help from Mauleverer's enemy, the beachcomber of Kalua. But it was Ysabel Dick, and he was speeding to their aid.

"My gudeness!" murmured Mr. McTab, as he saw the beachcomber.

The dinghy was only a few fathoms off the reef, when Ysabel Dick had dropped the oars and drawn his revolver. It came on with its own

momentum, as the beachcomber stood in it, firing.

There was a fierce and furious yell from the blacks on the yawl. One of the fallen savages lay still—never to stir again. But the other struggled, yelling to his feet.

Crack! came again, as the beachcomber fired from the boat, but even as he fired, the dinghy struck the coral and pitched over, and he fell in it.

The three blacks, yelling, rushed at him across the coral, knee-deep in water, with brandished spears.

Ysabel Dick struggled up in the pitching boat. It rocked wildly, and he stumbled and staggered.

From the yawl the Greyfriars juniors watched, their hearts in their mouths. Amazing as it was to see Ysabel Dick there, they knew that he had come to their aid, and that he, and he alone, stood between them and a dreadful fate. And it seemed scarcely possible that he could escape the thrusting spears of the blacks, swooping down on him like beasts of prey.

Before he gained a secure footing they had reached the dinghy. It was floating off the coral, rocking and pitching, but black hands grasped the gunwale, and the spears thrust at the man in it. In horror, the juniors watched, to see the beachcomber go down under the lunging spears. But he did not go down. With a desperate leap, he landed, splashing, on the reef, leaving the dinghy rocking in the grasp of the blacks.

Another, and another leap, and he reached the yawl and clambered on the wreck.

But the three blacks, leaving the dinghy to rock away on the water, were after him like hounds after a stag.

It was sheer agony to the prisoners of the yawl to lie there, bound and helpless, unable to raise a hand or a finger in aid of their defender. But they could do nothing but look on.

Ysabel Dick steadied himself, and aimed with a revolver as the three yelling savages came at him.

Crack, crack, crack!

Two of the blacks went over, shrieking, splashing into the shallow water on the reef; one was still untouched. But the beachcomber's revolver was empty now.

Had the last of the blacks come on, he must have gone down; his clubbed revolver would have been of little avail against the lunging spear. But the black man halted as his companions went crashing down, and, changing his direction, ran past the wreck to the canoe on the inner side of the reef.

He leaped into it and fled across the lagoon towards the island, paddling frantically to get out of range of the white man's gun—which he did not understand was for the moment useless.

Ysabel Dick panted. He dragged loose cartridges from his pocket to reload the revolver. In a few moments he was ready if the savage had turned back. But the black man was paddling for his life, and the canoe shot away to Baloo and vanished.

"My gudeness!" breathed Mr. McTab, staring at the beachcomber with amazed and almost unbelieving eyes.

Ysabel Dick gave him a look—a bitter, sneering glance. Then he stared across at the dinghy. It had floated off and was already far out, whirling on the currents that ran by the reef—far out of reach.

He shrugged his shoulders. The dinghy was twenty fathoms out; but had it been only one fathom he could not have reached it, for the sharks were already on the spot, dragging away the two blacks who had fallen in the shallow water on the coral. The boat drifted



Harry Wharton strove to shout—but his strength was gone, and only a husky faint cry came. Brighter and brighter the lights of the vessel gleamed—and then they faded away. The hapless castaway sank down on the floating tiller, with a murmur of misery and despair!

on, spinning on the current, farther and farther from his eyes.

"Man," said Mr. McTab, "ye've come to our help! I'm far from understanding this; but since ye're here, let us loose."

"I've come to your help, and I'm a fool for my pains!" sneered the outcast of Kalua. "I cannot save you, but I am here to share your fate! We'll go to the cooking-pots together, Sandy!"

"I'm asking ye to let me loose," said Mr. McTab.

"You, who had me beaten like a dog on Kalua!" said Ysabel Dick.

"If ye're a dog ye must expect to be treated like one!" answered Mr. McTab composedly. "But ye canna be such a scoundrel as ye've made yourself appear, as ye've come here to our help."

The beachcomber thrust the revolver into his pocket, and opened a clasp-knife. Unheeding the manager of Kalua, he stepped to Lord Mauleverer and cut him loose.

"Your lordship first!" he said mockingly. "One good turn deserves another, my lord, though it's little I can do for you."

"Thanks, old bean!" said Lord Mauleverer. "Awf'ly good of you to drop in like this!"

The beachcomber stared at him, and laughed. Leaving Mauleverer rubbing his numbed limbs, he went from one to another of the prisoners, cutting them loose. He came at last to Mr. McTab.

The manager of Kalua rose to his feet on the slanting deck, and rubbed his chafed wrists.

Ysabel Dick sat on the gunwale, a sneering grin on his stubbly face.

His eyes fixed on the dark bush of Baloo, growing darker and thinner as the sun sank lower in the sea.

The juniors eyed him curiously. His actions were beyond their understanding; but he had come to their aid, and

it was something to have the use of their limbs, though escape from Baloo seemed as far off as ever. And they could not help realising that, whatever their fate, the outcast of Kalua must share it. The boat in which he had come had drifted out to sea, and was gone; there was no more escape for Ysabel Dick than for the rest. The man who had been their unrelenting enemy had thrown in his lot with them; he, like the rest, was under the shadow of a terrible fate.

Ysabel Dick glanced round at them and gave Mr. McTab a sneering look.

"It will be dark in half an hour," he said. "If they do not come before the sun is gone, we have a night of life. You know the ways of Baloo better than I do, Sandy."

"Ay," answered Mr. McTab. "They will not attack in the dark; it is taboo on this island. Laddie, while there is life there is hope."

"If Wharton were only with us—" muttered Frank. His heart was heavy for his missing chum. He turned to the beachcomber. "You have seen the Dutchman since he left us?"

"He came back to Turtle Reef to tell me what he had done!" sneered Ysabel Dick. "He has had his punishment; he went to the sharks in trying to stop me from coming here!"

"Did he tell you what happened to Wharton while we all lay senseless here?" muttered Frank.

"Only that he struck him overboard." Frank drew a deep, quivering breath. His chum was a splendid swimmer, and the sea was calm. He tried to believe that there was yet a chance that he survived. Yet if he did, he knew how little chance there was of seeing him again. For, in the red glare of the sunset, a canoe shot out from Baloo, packed with a dozen or more blacks, and paddled for the reef.

Ysabel Dick, with a mocking grin on his face, rose from the gunwale and drew his revolver.

"They are not giving us a chance!" he said. "Get hold of anything you can and fight for your lives! This is going to be the finish! Lord Mauleverer, if it's any satisfaction to you, your Cousin Brian will never step into your shoes at home; he will share your fate!"

Mauleverer gave him a quick, startled look.

But there was no time for words. The enemy were coming, and the fate of the crew of the Palm Leaf hung on the next few minutes!

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

For Life or Death!

"STAND up to them!" muttered Bob Cherry.

He had sorted out an axe. The other fellows grasped whatever they could find to use as weapons.

There were no firearms on the Palm Leaf; the Dutchman had taken care of that. Ysabel Dick's revolver was the only firearm—a single weapon in a single hand. But the beachcomber had proved himself a good shot, and he was cool as ice, and not likely to waste a shot.

There was a mocking grin on his face as he watched the coming enemy; he knew that it was the finish, and he did not care. The man who had sailed in lawless ships, who had combed the beach on Kalua, who had been, to all appearance, a worthless and disreputable loafer and slacker, was facing death without a quiver.

With a steady eye he watched the approaching canoe. Between the

wrecked yawl and the inner lagoon were a dozen fathoms of reef, half-submerged; the canoe could come no nearer than that. The savages had to scramble over the reef to reach the wreck, and, little chance as there seemed of beating them off, the Greyfriars crew stood up manfully to face them.

In half an hour they would have been safe till morning; for on Baloo, as on many islands in the Pacific, the natives did not fight after dark. But that respite was not granted them.

"That's Kaminengo!" muttered Bob, pointing to a tall, brawny chief who stood up in the canoe, watching them, as it came.

The juniors had seen the chief of Baloo once before, and knew him again. And, from the flash of ferocity in his black eyes, they could guess that he knew them also.

Ysabel Dick stood, with the revolver at his side, as the canoe reached the reef.

He lifted it suddenly and fired at the tall chief who stood over the paddlers.

There was a wild, fierce yell from Kaminengo as he went over backwards among bare black legs.

It was echoed by fierce yells from the canoe crew as they scrambled on the reef, splashing in the shallow water. But Kaminengo did not follow them. He lay in the canoe where he had fallen, with the beachcomber's bullet in his body, never to rise again.

Two or three of the blacks remained with the fallen chief, bending over him. The rest, with savage yells, rushed and scrambled across the coral towards the Palm Leaf, brandishing spear and axe. There were eight of them, brawny black cannibals, coming on like tigers. Ysabel Dick loosed off shot after shot, as they came, firing as coolly and steadily as if at a target. The others could only wait till the enemy came to close quarters.

But not all of them came to close quarters. Black man after man went down under that steady shooting, with hardly a second between the shots—and five brawny figures splashed backwards on the reef, before the beachcomber's revolver was empty. He had no time to cram in another cartridge—three yelling savages were scrambling on the wreck with stabbing spears, met by axe and belaying-pin and cudgel.

One yelling savage went back, under the crash of the axe in Bob Cherry's hand—another, barely missing his thrust at Angus McTab, was grasped by the manager of Kalua, and they rolled over together struggling. On the other, the beachcomber leaped like a tiger grasping him, and crashing the clubbed revolver in the savage black face. Half-stunned, the savage was pitched off the wreck into the water.

Mr. McTab was down on his back, a snarling savage over him, a spear drawn back to drive through him, when Lord Mauleverer grasped the black arm and dragged the spear away. The black instantly turned on Mauleverer, dragging his brawny arm free, and thrusting at the schoolboy earl.

Mauleverer sprang back, barely dodging the thrust, slipped on the slanting deck, and went over. The spear flashed over him as he rolled, and in another moment would have struck. It was at that moment that Ysabel Dick, freed of his own enemy, turned—and leaped to Mauleverer's aid. In a split second, he was between them, striking with the clubbed revolver, and, as he struck, the broad blade of the spear sank deep into his shoulder.

The black man reeled over under his

blow, but the beachcomber, drenched in blood, fell across Mauleverer.

Hardly a moment more, and Johnny Bull was on the spot, and a belaying-pin crashed on the fuzzy head, stretching the black man on the deck. Frank Nugent scrambled to Mauleverer, to help him up.

Mr. McTab scrambled to his feet, amazed to find himself still alive. The three blacks who had reached the yawl were down—those in the canoe were still attending to the expiring chief of Baloo—the Palm Leaf's crew were for the moment unassailed. The manager of Kalua grasped the revolver from Ysabel Dick's nerveless hand.

The beachcomber could not speak. But he indicated with his hand the pocket where the cartridges were, and Angus McTab grabbed them, and rapidly reloaded the revolver. A moment more, and he was firing on the canoe.

The canoe pushed off the reef, two of the blacks in it paddling, one still bending over Kaminengo.

The attack was over. One black savage lay on the slanting deck, stunned—the others were drifting in the shallow water over the reef—the canoe was fleeing with the wounded chief—by a miracle, as it seemed, the Greyfriars castaways were saved. But the man who had saved them lay with a face like chalk, bathed in blood—though the mocking, sardonic grin still lingered on his face.

Lord Mauleverer, his face almost as white as Ysabel Dick's, bent over the fallen beachcomber. He was stained with the blood of the man who had saved him.

"They—they're gone!" breathed Bob Cherry. He could hardly realise that the yawl's crew had come through that terrible peril, and yet lived.

It was the fall of the chief that had saved them—but for that, the rush must have been overwhelming. But the canoe was gone, and darkness was shutting down over the island of Baloo; the castaways had, after all, a respite till the new day dawned. But the man who had saved their lives lay drenched in blood, and sinking into insensibility.

"Ay, they're gone!" said Mr. McTab. "But I'm fearing that that puir body will be paying dear for the help he has given us."

He dropped on his knees beside the wounded beachcomber. The juniors gathered round, anxious to help. The black man who lay on the deck lifted a dizzy, fuzzy head, rolled over the gunwale, and scrambled away, to swim the lagoon—hardly noticed as he went. The beachcomber was still conscious, and his lips twisted into a grin, as the anxious face of the Scotsman bent over him.

"You're through with me, Sandy!" he muttered. "Keep your gaol on Kalua for others—you'll never send me in irons down to Suva now!"

"I'm nae thinking of that," said Mr. McTab. "If ye pull through this, Ysabel Dick, and if we live to get off Baloo, ye've made a friend for life. Ye're hard hit, puir body; but I'll pull ye through if I can."

"Save him!" breathed Lord Mauleverer. "You must save him—you must! It cannot be the end—it cannot, and shall not!"

"Useless, boy!" muttered the beachcomber. "It is the end—and a fitting end. If you get out of this alive, remember that I played the game at the finish—remember that, Herbert, and forget the rest, if you can! Remember—" His voice died away in a hoarse mutter, and his eyes closed.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Adrift!

HARRY WHARTON lifted his head, and his weary, aching eyes looked round over the sea. Night lay on the Pacific, and bright stars were reflected in the rolling water round him. He sank back again, leaning wearily on the floating tiller, his face white and drawn in the glimmer of the stars.

He was still afloat—still living; after long, long hours. But if he had hoped—at first hope had almost died—yet he clung to life. Since he had looked last on the yawl, running on the reef of Baloo, he had seen nothing but sky and sea, and at intervals a seabird winging high in the blue. Baloo had faded from his sight as the currents of the sea drifted him. He was lost on the sea, drifting to his death; yet while life lasted, hope lingered.

But for the tiller of the Palm Leaf, which was still in his hands when he went over from the yawl, he would have sunk, long ago, into the depths of the Pacific, as the Dutchman did not doubt that he had done. But the tiller floated, and gave him support, by resting a hand on it, or leaning a weary shoulder.

Incessantly, the thought of sharks came into his mind; but he drove it away. If the sharks came, it was the finish. But hour after hour of burning sunshine passed, and still he floated, and from minute to minute scanned the sea, in hopeless hope of a sail, or a vision of nodding palms.

Night came at last, with shadow and coolness, and the deadly heat of the sun was gone. Under the stars he drifted on, clinging to the tiller; but in the shadow of night he could hardly hope to see a sail, even if one passed in those lonely waters.

Even in those terrible hours, in the shadow of the wings of the Angel of Death, his thoughts turned to his friends. He could have little more hope for them than for himself—abandoned, helpless, on the cannibal island; for he could not doubt that the Dutchman would carry out his dastardly plan, and the yawl's crew were at his mercy. Perhaps, already, the end had come for his comrades—as it was coming for himself.

Yet, if by miraculous good fortune he could have sighted a sail, it meant not only life for him, but help for his friends, if it was not yet too late. Again and again he scanned the weary, rolling sea—the endless glistening reflections of the stars, stretching to infinity round him.

Thirst was aching in his dry throat, his lips salty from the sea-water. Weariness was like lead in all his limbs. Many times he nodded off into a kind of sleep, but all the time his grasp remained on the floating tiller, holding to it by instinct. He never completely lost consciousness; but again and again he found himself starting out of a doze, the salt sea splashing his face.

The burning day had seemed endless, and the night seemed to have no end. He longed for dawn and the chance of seeing a sail, or seeing land; even with the torment of the burning sun to follow. Once, when something brushed by him in the water, a shudder of despair ran through him; but it was only some harmless fish that had glided by; no shark had yet scented him out.

From a half-conscious doze, he awakened again, to find the water washing over his face. He gasped for breath, and threw his arm over the tiller, holding on. And then a light flashed in his eyes, that was not the glitter of the

stars, and he released one hand, to rub them, and stare.

A light on the sea—and as he knew that it was a ship's light, new life seemed to bound in all his veins.

He raised his head as high as he could to look across the dim, dark water.

Some vessel was passing at a distance—it was the light at a masthead that he saw.

How far away it was he could not judge; but it seemed terribly far. In daylight he might have been seen; but in the glimmer of the stars, he knew that he must be invisible from the vessel.

He shouted. His voice came cracked and hoarse from his dry throat; hardly more than a husky gasp. But he collected all his strength, and shouted again and again, more loudly.

Life and hope were passing him there, on that vessel; passing in his sight, and if he could not make himself heard, he was lost—lost utterly, and might as well let go his support and sink into the dim depths.

But the light slid on, through the gloom, like a will-of-the-wisp on the sea. Was it leaving him behind?

Frantically, madly, he shouted; wild, inarticulate cries for help. It seemed to him that they must hear—surely they would hear. He dared not think that they would not hear. With all his remaining strength, he sent his voice through the dark spaces.

Lights, red and green, flashed in the dark. His heart leaped in his breast. They had heard—they must have heard—for the ship had changed its course.

He could see nothing of the vessel, not even a shadow in the stars, but he knew that the headlights had swept round towards him, and that could surely only mean that his cries had been heard.

He shouted, and shouted. He waved a hand, forgetting that he could not be seen. His voice died in a husky groan in his throat; the last ounce of his strength was exhausted.

But they had heard—they must have heard! The lights were nearing—they seemed to blaze, like great red and green eyes in the dusky tropical night. But the red and green eyes were passing, at a distance from him—as if seeking him on the sea, and seeking him in vain.

He strove to shout again—but his strength was gone, and only a husky, faint cry came. Brighter and brighter the lights gleamed—and then they vanished into the dark.

He sank down on the floating tiller, with a murmur of misery and despair.

They had been seeking him—he was sure of that; whatever vessel it was, it had turned from its course, to seek him on the dark sea. They knew that there was some hapless castaway afloat somewhere in the darkness, and they were seeking—but they could not find him, and they had passed on, and left him to die!

His eyes strained into the gloom. Suddenly there came a flash of the red and green again—they were not gone; they were still seeking. But the lights seemed far away.

He gathered all his strength, putting it all into one last terrible effort, and sent a cry pealing through the night. Then, hardly conscious, he sank down on the bobbing tiller, utterly exhausted, unable to make a further effort.

But he looked again. The lights had disappeared. But he saw them once more, and this time he had a glimpse of a tall sail—the ship was nearer. He strove to cry out, but he could only utter a feeble moan. In anguish, he watched the lights glide on and fade.

His head sank on his arm, resting on the tiller in the waves.

They had lost him—they had done all they could, but they had lost him, and left him to his death.

One glimmer of hope lingered—they could not find him, but if they stood by till dawn, they would see him and save him. But it was not likely—he knew how unlikely it was. But that, he knew, was all that stood between him and death in the deep waters—if dawn would only come!

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

Night on Baloo!

"BRIAN!"

"You did not know?"

"I never dreamed—"

The night was dark on Baloo. The island lay a black mass, under the glimmering stars. On the wrecked yawl, on the reef, no eye closed.

Mr. McTab, sleepless, sat on the gunwale, the beachcomber's revolver in his hand, resting on his knee. He did not look for an attack on Baloo in the hours of darkness, but he was watchful and on his guard.

The beachcomber lay on a bed of blankets, as comfortable as the juniors could make him. Mr. McTab had attended to his wound, bandaging it, with kindly care; and bad as it was, the manager of Kalua had said that Ysabel Dick would recover, if help came in time to save them all. But of help there was little hope.

Bob Cherry and Frank Nugent, Hurree Singh and Johnny Bull, sat silent, or exchanging an occasional muttered word.

With daylight, as they knew only too well, would come the attack of the savages of Baloo; and when it came, it was only too certain that it would come in overwhelming force. It would not be one canoe crew—but probably half a dozen canoes packed with brawny cannibals, and the end could not be doubtful. And there was nothing to be done, but to wait for the end.

There was no hope of refloating the yawl—the hull was stove in by the sharp edges of the coral. There was no boat—but even had the dinghy been saved, it would not have carried them all. From Kalua they could hope for no help; they were not expected back at Kalua for several days; their fate would be sealed long before it was even surmised that disaster had overtaken the Palm Leaf!

They knew that there was no hope; after a night of weary waiting and watching, the last fight would come, and they would go down under overwhelming attack. Yet, in those dark hours, their thoughts ran continually to their missing comrade; even those bitter hours would not have seemed so bitter had he been still with them.

Lord Mauleverer was watching by the beachcomber's side. Ysabel Dick had lain long unconscious, but he had come to himself at last, and he lay silent, his eyes on Mauleverer's face in the glimmer of the stars. He spoke at last, in a low, faint voice, and Mauleverer bent over him and answered almost in a whisper.

"I never dreamed," he went on. "I fancied I had seen you before, the first day on Kalua, but I never dreamed—"

The old sardonic grin crept back to the beachcomber's seamed, stubbly face.

"You did not think of finding a Mauleverer, heir to an earldom and millions of money, combing a Pacific beach!" he muttered.

"If I'd known—"

"If I had known!" muttered the beachcomber. "I have been bad—bad to the bone—but if I had known that

you came to seek me—that you had a friendly feeling for the outcast who had disgraced your name—if I had only known that— But I never knew, I never suspected—never till the night you let me out of the island gaol, and gave me a message for"—he grinned—"for Brian Mauleverer, never guessing that it was your cousin to whom you were speaking."

"If you'd told me—" breathed Mauleverer. "If you'd told me, when we met on Kalua—"

"And you never guessed!" said the beachcomber. "You never even guessed who was pulling the strings when you found yourself in continual perils in these seas—"

"My friends knew, before I did," said Mauleverer, "and I quarrelled with them because I could not believe it, till—"

"Till you knew! And then—then you came to the prison hut and gave me freedom and a message for the man who had wronged and harmed you—a message of friendship and help!" muttered Ysabel Dick. "I did not believe you then—I could not—but afterwards— Believe me, Herbert, from that hour, I gave up the game; it was as if I had come to my senses. I swear that from that moment, I never dreamed of harming you—and but for the Dutchman, no harm would have come to you; you believe that?"

"I believe it!" said Mauleverer. "And if I did not, you've proved it by coming here, Brian, old man! If you had not stood between me and the spear that struck you down, you would be Earl of Mauleverer now."

The outcast of Kalua grinned.

"All that I had schemed for, all that I had planned, dropping into my hands, like a ripe fruit!" he said. "I have been a bad hat, Herbert, but even at the worst I would not let the Dutchman have his way—you know that! Even at the worst, my conscience, such conscience as combing the beach had left me, never gave me rest. If you get out of this—"

He broke off. There was a glimmer of light in the eastern sky; the day was coming. He gave a groan.

"You are lost," he said. "It is my doing—it is I who have lost you! They will come when the sun is up—and there is no escape—no escape! If I could have saved you—"

"You did your best, old chap," said Lord Mauleverer quietly, "and while there's life, there's a spot of hope. If we get out of this, we start fresh—"

"Too late!" muttered the beachcomber. "Too late! I would have saved you and counted my life for nothing—believe that! But it is too late! It is easy to do evil—it is not so easy to undo it!"

He sank back on the blankets.

Mauleverer sat silent, by his side, watching the pale, drawn face. For the time, he had almost forgotten his own peril: the shadow of death that hung darkly over them all.

He had found his missing cousin, his enemy, but he had found him repentant of all the evil he had done, eager to make amends, eager to set his feet on a new path; to make something, after all, of a wasted life, and to do good instead of ill. The man who had been his enemy lay before him, wounded almost to death in his defence; but for him, it was the schoolboy earl who would have fallen under the thrusting spear. That was what Mauleverer was thinking of, as the light gleamed in the eastern sky.

From the bush on Baloo, came the outburst of song from the wild birds, to

greet the coming day. Up from the eastern sea rose the golden sun, and dawn shone on the rolling Pacific, on the wreck on the reef, on the glimmering lagoon.

Lord Mauleverer rose at last.

Bob Cherry was pointing. Far in the distance on the lagoon a canoe appeared in sight, and then another and another.

"They're coming!" muttered Bob.

With the dawn of a new day the savages of Baloo were gathering for the attack.

THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

Saved From The Sea!

KING of the Islands, the boy trader of the Pacific, stood on the deck of his ketch, the Dawn, scanning the sea in the first faint glimmer of sunrise.

The Dawn lay hove-to, as she had lain for long hours. Time was money to a South Sea trader, and the wind was favourable for Kalua-alua-lalua, Ken King's next port of call, but King of the Islands was losing the wind. There was a shade of anxiety on his boyish face as he scanned the sea in the lifting shadows.

Kit Hudson, the mate of the Dawn, sat on the taffrail. Koko, the boatswain, was leaning over the starboard rail, his eyes on the Pacific. The crew of four Hiva-Oa boys, and Danny, the cooky-boy, were all on deck, watching the sea.

"Nothing doing, Ken, old man!" said the mate of the Dawn, shaking his head. "Not a chance—"

"We're going to make sure, Kit," answered King of the Islands. "If there's a shipwrecked man afloat in these waters, we're not leaving him to it."

"Ay, ay!" agreed Hudson. "But it's hours since we heard him, and we've searched—"

"We'll search again in the daylight," said the boy skipper of the Dawn. "We're losing time, Kit, but it's worth it if we pick him up."

The mate of the Dawn nodded. He was in full agreement with his skipper; but he had little hope that the castaway, whose cry had been heard in the night, would be still afloat and living when morning dawned. To and fro in the darkness the ketch had tacked, and after she was hove-to the whaleboat had been lowered for further search, but no sign of a shipwrecked man had been seen. But if he still survived, the shipmates of the Dawn would not take the risk of passing on and leaving him to his fate.

All ears on the Dawn had heard that despairing cry from the sea. Whether the castaway was now out of hearing, or whether he had gone down in the deep waters, it was impossible to tell. Nothing more had been heard, but King of the Islands had a faint hope that something might be seen when the sun came.

In the eastern sky the glimmer of dawn strengthened, and the rolling waves of the Pacific gleamed in the rising light.

There was a sudden exclamation from Koko, at the starboard rail, and King of the Islands turned to him eagerly.

"You feller Koko, you see something, eye belong you?" he asked.

"Me tinkee, sar!" answered the boatswain. He pointed with a brown hand. "Tinkee see feller stop along sea, eye belong me."

King of the Islands stepped to his

side and clamped the binoculars to his eyes. He scanned the dim waters in the direction indicated by the Kanaka boatswain. Up from the east came the golden sun, as if leaping from the waters, and in the light the boy trader focused the glasses on the distant speck that had caught the keen eyes of the boatswain.

"My sainted Sam!" exclaimed the boy trader. "We've got him, Kit! Alive or dead, he's still afloat!"

In the sunlight, now streaming down brightly on the Pacific, he picked up the floating object clearly with the powerful glasses—a head and an arm that rested on what looked like a floating spar. Alive or dead, the castaway of the night still floated on the waters.

"Lower the whaleboat!" rapped King of the Islands.

All was activity on the Dawn. The whaleboat dropped to the water; King of the Islands sat in the stern, and Koko and three of the Hiva-Oa boys at the oars. Kit Hudson watched them from the ketch as the boat pulled rapidly away.

Ken King stood up in the boat as it neared the drifting castaway. As he drew nearer he could see that it was not a man but a boy that clung to the floating wood, and he could see that what he clung to was the tiller of a small vessel.

"Ahoy!" shouted Ken King, and he waved his hand.

The head lifted from the water. His shout had reached the ears of the boy who floated on the Pacific. He had looked unconscious; but he was not quite unconscious, or he would have slipped from the floating tiller. And at the boy trader's shout he lifted his head and stared across the sea with almost glazed eyes.

No answer came from him; he was past speech. But he was living, and for a moment or two he stared at the approaching boat before his head sank down again.

"Quick!" breathed Ken. "Washy-washy too quick, you feller boy!"

The whaleboat fairly raced.

Almost like an arrow it came sweeping down on the castaway, and as it glided by King of the Islands leaned over and grasped the boy who clung to the floating tiller, and with a swing of his strong arm landed him in the boat.

He sank down there in a pool of water.

"Back to the Dawn!" rapped King of the Islands.

His face was kind and tender as he bent over the boy who had been saved from the sea. He lifted the heavy head to rest on his knee, as the Kanakas pulled swiftly back to the ketch.

Harry Wharton's face was like chalk, his eyes half-closed. For hours he had hung on to the tiller, half-conscious, yet still retaining his senses sufficiently to hold on. Now he was saved, and he realised it, and tried to speak; but only a moan came from his parched throat.

"Drink!" said the boy trader.

He placed a pannikin of water to the dry, cracked lips.

Harry Wharton emptied it at a draught. A glimmer of light came back to his eyes, a tinge of colour to his waxen cheeks.

He tried to speak.

"Safe now, my lad!" said the boy trader. "Safe and sound! You'll be on my packet in a few minutes now."

But the castaway still struggled to speak.

King of the Islands bent his head low to catch the words; they came in a broken whisper.

"Save them!"

"Save them!" repeated Ken King. He shot a swift glance round on the rolling waters. No other floating object was to be seen. He bent over the boy again. "Do you mean that there were others afloat from a wreck?"

Harry Wharton shook his head feebly.

"What, then?" asked Ken.

"My friends and—and Mr. McTab—save them! They are on Baloo!"

The effort was too much for him, and he sank back unconscious.

Ken King looked down at the unconscious face in perplexity. The name of Mr. McTab was well enough known to him; it was for business with Mr. McTab that he was making Kalua-alua-lalua. So far as Ken King knew, Mr. McTab was on Kalua, expecting the arrival of the Dawn in the lagoon within the next day or two.

But the castaway was unconscious now and could say no more.

The whaleboat reached the Dawn, and Kit Hudson's eyes, from above, rested compassionately on the white face in the boat.

"Alive?" he asked.

"Ay, ay! Bear a hand."

Harry Wharton was lifted to the deck of the Dawn. Kit Hudson landed him in a madeira chair, while the Kanakas swung up the whaleboat to the davits. The schoolboy lay unconscious, overcome at last by what he had been through.

"Make sail?" asked Kit Hudson, as the skipper of the Dawn gave no order.

Ken's face was perplexed.

"I don't make this out, Kit," he said. "The boy spoke a few words when I picked him up; he knows McTab, so he must have been on Kalua. But he said that his friends and McTab are on Baloo."

Kit Hudson whistled.

"Baloo—Kaminengo's island!" he said. "If they're on Baloo, Ken, he won't see them again. But what—and how—"

"I don't get it," said Ken. "If his craft went on the reef of Baloo he has drifted over twenty miles on that tiller; he must have been a long time in the water. If the others got ashore—"

"Ashore on Baloo!" said the mate of the Dawn. "I don't get it. Old McTab's not the man to pile up his craft in fair weather—or foul, for that matter. But if they piled up on the reef of Baloo they'd never get off alive—"

"He's coming to," muttered Ken.

Harry Wharton's eyes opened; they rested on the two pitying faces, and he tried to speak. Ken placed water to his lips, and he drank, and then his voice came clearly.

"Save them! They are on the reef of Baloo—on the south side of Baloo. The cannibals—"

His voice trailed off, and his eyes closed again. But what he had said was clear enough, perplexing as it was to the shipmates of the Dawn.

"We're making Baloo," said King of the Islands. "It's a thousand to one that we shall be too late; but if they're on Baloo, we shall save them if we can."

North-east Kalua lay—but it was to the north-west that the Dawn stood, under full sail, for the cannibal island of Baloo. And as she ran swiftly, in the brightening sunrise, rifles were served out to the crew; and all eyes watched anxiously as the dark bush of Baloo rose at last against the blue sky. And by the time Baloo was sighted Harry Wharton had come to himself, and he staggered to the rail, to lean on it and gaze on the cannibal island as it rose to view, with hope and dread in his heart.



Harry Wharton & Co. crowded under the banyan and found Billy Bunter with the bundle of tuck opened before him. Bob Cherry stooped and took hold of a fat ear. "I'll take this with me!" he remarked. "You can suit yourself about coming with it, old fat man!" "Yaroo!" yelled Billy Bunter.

THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER.

King of the Islands to the Rescue!

"THEY'RE coming!"

On the lagoon of Baloo, the canoes were gathering. Round the island, from both sides, came canoe after canoe, packed with black savages gathered by the island shore, for the attack on the wreck that lay out on the reef.

The previous day, the yawl's crew had succeeded in beating off the attack; but they had no hope of succeeding now. The blacks of Baloo were gathering in too overwhelming a force for that.

The juniors, looking across the lagoon, could count the canoes as they gathered; eight of them in all, and every one packed with blacks. Seventy savages, at least, had gathered, and there were more coming. The sun was rising higher over the Pacific, and from every dark den on Baloo, the blacks were turning out. News of the white man's ship cast away on the reef was known over the whole island now, and every black man on Baloo was eager for a share in the plunder.

Mr. McTab set his teeth under his sandy beard.

The beachcomber's revolver was in his hand; and every other hand grasped a weapon of some kind. But all knew that the rush, when it came, would overwhelm the yawl's crew; that it would be death under the stabbing spears, or a worse fate in the dark dens in the bush.

Ysabel Dick lay helpless, unable to stir. But the others stood ready, knowing that it was the end, but facing it with courage. The Dutchman had gone to his account; but the evil he had done remained.

All eyes were fixed on the canoes across the lagoon, waiting for them to advance. It was Lord Mauleverer who

cast a glance seaward—a hopeless glance, for no one could dream of a ship approaching Baloo. The others did not even think of looking as they watched the savages.

But Mauleverer, as he looked across the shining Pacific, gave a sudden, startled, amazed cry.

Against all hope, against all possibility, as it seemed, a sail glanced on the blue waters. Mauleverer fairly yelled.

"A sail!"

Bob Cherry spun round.

"A sail!" he stuttered.

"Look!" roared Mauleverer.

Mr. McTab's eyes almost started from his head as he looked.

"The Dawn!" he gasped.

"The Dawn!" repeated Bob.

"King of the Islands' packet!" stuttered Mr. McTab. "The Dawn—King of the Island's ketch! He's near due at Kalua—but what miracle has brought him to Baloo?"

In their excitement and amazement, the Greyfriars fellows almost forgot the savages gathering by the island shore, and the attack that might come at any moment.

All eyes fixed on the tall sails of the Dawn, sweeping down to the cannibal island. It seemed like a miracle to their dizzy eyes. No white man had business on Baloo—and it was at Kalua, far away to the east, that the Dawn was booked for—yet here was the Dawn, sweeping down to Baloo under full sail. The yawl's crew could hardly believe what their eyes told them.

"Look!" gasped Bob. He pointed to a figure, small in the distance, on the forecastle head, sweeping the southern reef of Baloo with a pair of binoculars.

"Look!"

"That's Hudson, the mate of the Dawn!" said Mr. McTab. "Looking

for us, it seems; though how they got word of us is a miracle."

Brown faces could be seen staring over the rail of the Dawn, as it ran down to the reef, fleetly as a seabird. And among the brown faces was one white face.

Mr. McTab lifted his hand, and fired the revolver into the air. That the report reached ears on the ketch was clear, for the man on the fore-castle head waved his hand in answer.

"They've seen us!" breathed Bob.

Frank Nugent gripped his arm and pointed to the ketch with the other. His voice came chokingly.

"Look—look—Bob, old man, look—am I dreaming, or is that—Look, it—it—can it possibly be—"

"Wharton!" breathed Bob.

His eyes bulged at the face that leaned over the ketch's rail. A hand was waved—the hand of Harry Wharton.

With incredulous eyes, the Greyfriars juniors stared at him. They could not believe that it was Harry Wharton—that the sea had given up its dead!

"Harry!" breathed Nugent. "I'm going mad, or it's Harry Wharton! Look—look!"

"By gad!" said Lord Mauleverer. "By gad! If we're not dreaming this—"

"Wharton—on the Dawn!" said Johnny Bull dazedly. "But how in the name of wonder—"

"It's perfectly simple, laddies!" said Mr. McTab. "That must be how they know we are here—they must have picked the laddie up at sea, and he has brought them here to save us all—"

From the beachcomber, lifting himself feebly on his elbow, came a cry:

"Look out! They're coming!"

All eyes were riveted on the ketch. But at that warning cry, the yawl's

crew recalled the danger they had almost forgotten, in their joy and relief at the sight of the coming ship. They spun round towards the lagoon.

The canoes were paddling out to the reef in a bunch. The savages had seen the tall sail across the reef, and they were coming to the attack before help could reach the castaways.

"Look out!"

"Stand up to them!"

Mr. McTab lifted the revolver and took aim at the leading canoe. He fired with a steady hand, and black paddler after paddler rolled over under the bullets. Wild, fierce yells answered from the blacks of Baloo. The canoe lost way, and drifted; but the others came on fast.

But the ketch was rushing down on the coral reef, as if to pile up there. And from the ketch, as it rushed, came the ring of a rifle. Kit Hudson, on the fore-castle, had a magazine rifle to his shoulder; and bullets streamed across the reef, and pitched among the canoes on the lagoon.

Then, as the Dawn hove-to, scarce half a cable's length from the coral, King of the Islands was seen, with a rifle in his hands, and another stream of bullets screamed over the reef, crashing among the black crews in the canoes.

The whaleboat dropped to the water. While the skipper and mate kept up incessant rifle-fire, Koko and the Hiva-Oa boys manned the whaleboat, and another figure was seen to slip in after them—that of Harry Wharton! The whaleboat pulled swiftly for the reef.

Angus McTab was still shooting. But it was the rifle-fire from the ketch that drove back the attack of the blacks of Baloo.

Every bullet from the Dawn pitched into a crowded canoe, crashing through flesh and bone—and one after another the canoes paddled away in frantic flight for the cover of the island. Screaming bullets pursued them as they went, till they circled the shore of Baloo and escaped.

Bob Cherry threw down his axe. It had not been wanted—the attack had never reached as far as the reef. The enemy were going—in frantic flight—

King of the Islands had arrived in time. And the whaleboat was pulling in—Harry Wharton in the stern waving and waving, his pale cheeks flushed, and his eyes sparkling.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry. He pitched his hat into the air, and then grabbed Lord Mauleverer's, and waved it wildly round his head. "Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"Harry!" shouted Frank Nugent.

The whaleboat bumped on the reef. Harry Wharton clambered and splashed across the coral. The sight of his friends had seemed to give him new life. They splashed off the yawl to meet him.

But Lord Mauleverer was kneeling by the side of the wounded beachcomber.

"We're saved, old man!" said Mauly. "Got that, Brian, old bean? We're saved, old chap—and when we get you to Kalua, you're going to pull round, what?"

"Kalua!" repeated the beachcomber. "I cannot go back to Kalua! Where I combed the beach—where McTab sent me away in Barney Hall's lugger—let them land me on Turtle Reef and leave me there!"

"Fathead!" said Mauleverer. "You're coming back to Kalua with us, you old ass! I'm not losing sight of you again, before I go back to Greyfriars!"

"But—" muttered the beachcomber.

"There's nae buts in the matter, man!" said Mr. McTab. "It's surely verra surprising to find that ye're the cousin of the wee lord, that he came out to the Pacific to look for, but ye're verra welcome on Kalua, Mr. Mauleverer, and did I not tell ye that ye'd made a friend of Angus McTab? And when ye've pulled round, I'm surely going to help the wee lord to make a man of ye."

"Mauly, old man—" Harry Wharton scrambled on the yawl. "Mauly, old bean, safe and sound, what?"

"Yaas!" grinned Lord Mauleverer. "But you'd have been too late, old chap, but for my Cousin Brian—"

"Wha-a-at?"

"My Cousin Brian!" explained Lord Mauleverer. "He blew in yester-

day, and, but for that, you'd never have found us here to-day."

"What the thump—" exclaimed Harry. He stared at Mauleverer and at the beachcomber. "Ysabel Dick—here—"

"My cousin Brian," said Mauly. "Don't you remember that I told you he wasn't a bad chap at heart, though a bit of a bad hat? Remember I told you, on Barney Hall's lugger, that if I was in the water among the sharks, old Brian would come in for me? Well, that's exactly what he's done—only it wasn't a shark, it was a spear in a black paw—and Brian took it instead of me! I hope you and Brian are going to be friends on Kalua."

"Well, my hat!" said Harry Wharton blankly.

THE NINETEENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter is Not Pleased!

BILLY BUNTER sat up in the shady veranda of the manager's bungalow at Kalua-alua-lalua and blinked through his big spectacles at a handsome ketch that glided in at the reef passage and stood across the lagoon to the coral quay opposite the manager's house.

He grunted.

It was a hot afternoon.

Billy Bunter had packed away an extensive dinner, and rested ever since in that chair in the shady veranda. He needed a rest! Now, however, he was beginning to recover from the effects of the dinner, so he was, naturally, beginning to think of tea!

Bunter was feeling disgruntled. It had been a good dinner, and it was going to be a good tea—everything was all right, so far as that went! But that cheeky Caledonian, McTab, had sent Bunter ashore, and he had missed the cruise in the yawl, which was very annoying—though had Bunter been aware how that cruise had turned out, it was probable that he would have been glad that he had missed it.

Still, disgruntled as he was, Bunter had two consolations. One was that the grub at the island bungalow was good and ample; and the other was that he knew that Lord Mauleverer was thinking of prolonging the holiday, somehow, till he found that missing cousin of his.

Mauly, with all his mild manners, could be very determined; and Bunter hoped that he would stick to that resolution—in which case, Bunter was going to stick to Mauly.

A life of happy loafing on a Pacific island appealed to Billy Bunter much more than lessons at Greyfriars School—and though McTab was, of course, a beast, he was no worse a beast than Mr. Quelch, the Remove master at Greyfriars—better, in fact, because he did not try to make Bunter learn anything!

So Bunter hoped that Mauly would stick on Kalua till that bad hat Brian turned up; and he hoped that the bad hat would take plenty of time about it!

Now, as he watched the ketch running down to the coral quay, he wondered whether that was the vessel in which Mr. McTab had arranged for the Greyfriars party to go down to Suva, on the first lap of their long journey homeward.

Bomoo, the house-boy, had come into the veranda, and he was watching the ketch as it came along to the quay.

"You feller Bomoo!" called out Bunter. "What ship is that?"

"Feller Dawn, sar, belong King of

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the Islands!" answered the house-boy. Bunter grunted again. That was the vessel; so it looked as if the holiday on Kalua-alua-lalua was nearing its end.

"Master belong me stop along that ketch!" added Bomoo, staring in surprise at Mr. McTab on the deck. "Friend belong you, sar, stop along that ketch."

"Eh? How can they be on that ketch when they cleared off in a yawl the day before yesterday?" grunted Bunter.

"No savvy, sar! Me see um, eye belong me," answered Bomoo, and he went down the steps and down the beach to the quay.

Billy Bunter watched the ketch as it moored at the quay, and stared at the neat figure of Mr. McTab crossed the gang-plank, and the Famous Five and Lord Mauleverer followed. Evidently, the Greyfriars party had returned, though not in the vessel in which they had left Kalua.

On the quay Mr. McTab called to Bomoo, who called a number of Kanakas, and what looked like a stretcher was brought ashore from the ketch, with a man lying in it. The Kanakas carried it up the beach to the bungalow, followed by Mr. McTab and the juniors.

As they reached the house Billy Bunter blinked at the man who lay in the stretcher, and jumped.

"That beast!" he ejaculated.

Ysabel Dick was carried carefully into the house. Mr. McTab followed him, to see him comfortably disposed; and Lord Mauleverer followed Mr. McTab. The Famous Five sat down in the veranda.

"I say, you fellows—" squeaked Bunter.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, old fat man!" said Bob Cherry. "Missed us fearfully?"

"I say, what's happened?" demanded Bunter. "Where's the Palm Leaf?"

"What's left of it is on the reef of Baloo!" answered Bob. "We've had a tough time, old fat bean; you were rather lucky to miss it."

"The luckfulness was terrific, my esteemed fat Bunter!" remarked Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh. "In this case, the missfulness was better than the milefulness."

"You're looking rather seedy, Wharton."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"I'm feeling the same," he answered. "I've had rather a long dip in the Pacific, Bunter. It's quite a pleasure to see your fat old chivvy again."

"Well, I rather thought you'd run into trouble of some sort!" said Bunter. "You've only got yourselves to thank for it—leaving me behind! I don't suppose it would have happened if I'd been there."

"Fathead!"

"Beast! But, I say, what have they brought that beachcomber here for?" asked Bunter. "Why don't they stick him back in the prison hut instead of bringing him into the house? Mauly won't be safe from him here."

"That's all right, old fat chump! He's knocked-out, on his beam ends, and McTab's going to have him nursed here and set him on his pins again. And he won't bother Mauly any more."

"Well, I think it's rot," said Bunter, "and I shall jolly well tell McTab so—or, at least, I would, only you never know how to take a Scotchman—and I don't want him lugging at my ear again!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I suppose you haven't picked up any more news of that other beast?" asked Bunter anxiously.

"Which?"

"Mauly's disreputable relation," said Bunter. "We don't have relations like that in the Bunter family; but Mauly seems to like 'em! Is there any news of that beast Brian Mauleverer?"

"Oh, lots!" said Bob, laughing.

"The lotfulness is terrific!" chuckled Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh.

Bunter's fat face lengthened.

"You don't mean to say he's been found?" he asked.

"Sort of!" said Johnny Bull.

"Oh crikey! What rotten luck!" grunted Bunter.

"How's that, fathead?" asked Bob, staring at him. "Mauly specially wanted to find him—that was his chief reason for coming here at all—he was even thinking of hanging on here after the hols if the chap hadn't turned up—and that would have meant trouble at school. Jolly lucky he's bobbed up, I think."

"Well, I don't!" grunted Bunter. "I'm not in a hurry to get back to Latin and maths if you are! I'd rather stick here! The fact is, the later in the term I go back, the better I shall like it! What I mean is, if Mauly stayed on, I should stay with him out of pure friendship—I never was the fellow to let down a pal!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at!" said Bunter morosely. "I was banking on an extra week or two, at least."

"Better think again, then!" chuckled Bob. "The Dawn pulls out the day after to-morrow, and we go down to Suva with King of the Islands. You'll be packing my socks and Nugent's pyjamas and Johnny's shirts in one of Mauly's bags to-morrow, old fat man!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yah!" retorted Bunter. "Look here, if they've found the beast, where is he? He ought to have been collared, after what he's done to Mauly—all you fellows know that he was at the bottom of it all—"

"That's all washed out now, ass!" said Bob. "Ysabel Dick pulled us through on Baloo—he's not such a bad chap, after all. Anyhow, Mauly's going to make the best of him, and so are we—"

"I'm not talking about that beast, but the other beast—"

"Same beast!" grinned Bob. "You see, that jolly old beachcomber was Mauly's missing Brian—"

"Rot!" roared Bunter. "Think you can take me in with that?"

"Honest Injun!"

"Yah!" snorted Bunter.

Lord Mauleverer came out into the veranda. He sank into a Madeira chair, stretched out his elegant limbs, and gave Billy Bunter a cheery nod.

"How's Brian?" asked Harry.

"Goin' on as well as can be expected," said Mauly. "McTab's going to mend him—we shall leave him on the mend when we pull out. I'd like to stay on and see him through, but Tabby's sure that he's not in danger, and I suppose the Head wouldn't like me to cut out next term—"

"Hardly!" grinned Bob.

"Look here, Mauly," squeaked Bunter, "that beachcomber ain't really your Cousin Brian, is he?"

"Yaas!"

"Well, look here, hadn't you better stick him safe in chokey while you've got him?" asked Bunter.

"Shut up, you fat ass!" said Frank Nugent.

"Shan't! Don't you think so, Mauly?"

Lord Mauleverer looked thoughtfully at the Owl of the Remove.

"When we were on the reef at Baloo," he remarked, "I thought that I should be glad to see even Bunter again! Now, before I've seen him for five minutes, he's beggin' me to kick him!"

"Oh, really, Mauly—"

"Shut up, old fat man! I don't feel up to gettin' up and kickin' you, after all I've been through, and in this hot weather! But shut up!"

"Beast!"

Billy Bunter shut up—for about a minute. Then he re-started after the brief interval.

"I say, Mauly—"

"Oh dear! Yaas?"

"If you've found that beast—I mean, that chap Brian, you won't be staying on here to find him. But what about sending the Head a cable, all the same, and staying on for a week or two more? I'll stay with you."

"Fathead!"

"What I mean is, if the chap is knocked out and laid up and on his beam-ends, and all that, hadn't you better stay on and see him through?" suggested Bunter. "I'll stay on, too—in fact, I'll give him a look-in sometimes and sit and talk to him while he gets well—give him some of my company, you know—"

"I don't suppose he would get well, if you did," said Lord Mauleverer, shaking his head.

"You silly ass!" yelled Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was another minute of silence, while Billy Bunter did some more thinking, then he recommenced:

"The fact is, Mauly, I expect that scoundrel—"

"That what?"

"That scoundrel—I expect that scoundrel has been pulling your leg, and he ain't your Cousin Brian at all! You know what a fool you are, old chap! Well, if he ain't—and you can take it from me that he ain't—then you've still got to find the other beast, so you'd better send that cable to the Head, after all. My advice to you, Mauly, is to shove the beast into chokey, see, and then—"

Lord Mauleverer rose. He did not want to kick Bunter, but he seemed to feel that there was no help for it. He grasped the chair-back and tilted the fat junior out on the planks of the veranda.

Bump!

"Yaroooh!" roared Bunter. "Wharrer you up to, you silly chump? Stop kicking me, you beast! If you kick me again I'll—yoo-hoooooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Don't go!" urged Lord Mauleverer. "I'm going to give you a few more—"

"Beast!" roared Bunter.

And he went—rapidly, apparently not wanting a few more.

THE TWENTIETH CHAPTER.

Billy Bunter Knows How!

"I SAY, you fellows!"

"Coming?" asked Bob.

It was the following day and, being the last day on Kalua-alua-lalua, the chums of the Remove were going to spend most of it in a cruise round the lagoon, having a last look at Mauly's island. On the morrow they were to pack on board the Dawn and sail with King of the Islands for Suva, where there was a steamer to be caught.

Lord Mauleverer was in his cousin's

room—he was going to spend the day with Brian—but the Famous Five were getting the whaleboat ready when Billy Bunter rolled down the beach.

"Roll in, old barrel!" said Bob.

"Eh? I'm not coming in that boat!" answered Bunter. "I've got something else on to-day. He, he, he!"

"Have a good time, then! Ta-ta!"

"I say, you fellows, wait a minute! I want to ask you something," said the fat Owl, and the juniors held on.

"Cut it short!" said Johnny Bull.

"Look here, it's fixed for us to sail in that ketch to-morrow," said Bunter, "but if we weren't ready, that chap King would have to sail without us, wouldn't he?"

"He wouldn't be likely to hang on here, that's a cert," said Bob. "But we shall be ready! We go aboard at nine in the morning."

"Well, look here, I've got an idea," said Bunter, blinking at the chums of the Remove. "I suppose you fellows ain't anxious to get back to school?"

"Not fearfully," admitted Bob.

"But what cannot be cured must go longest to the well, my esteemed Bunter," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Bunter surprised the Famous Five with a fat wink.

"I know how to work it!" he declared.

"What and which?"

"I mean to say, that chap King is a trader, or something, and can't hang about waiting for passengers," said Bunter. "Well, suppose we ain't there when he sails? See, he goes without us, and there may not be another ship for a week, or a couple of weeks! What about that?"

"Well, my hat!" said Bob.

"You fellows would never have thought of that!" remarked Bunter.

"Not quite!" said Harry Wharton, laughing.

"Brains, you know!" said Bunter complacently. "Leave the thinking to me! We get another week, perhaps two or three weeks—might dodge half the term, you know! What? Mind, not a word to McTab! He would be waxy."

"Yes, I think that's probable!" grinned Johnny Bull.

"My idea is this," went on Bunter. "We walk out to-morrow morning, just as if we were going for a last look round! See? We go into the bush and stay there! We keep our eyes open till that ketch has sailed. Then we come back to the bung and explain to old Tabby that we've been lost in the bush."

"Oh, crikey!"

"Neat, what?" asked Bunter.

"The neatfulness is preposterous!" gasped Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"But there's one thing we shall have to be careful about," went on Bunter, while the Famous Five gazed at him blankly, "we may have to stay out of sight the whole day. That means grub!"

"Grub?"

"You hadn't thought of that!" said Bunter. "Lucky you've got a fellow with you who can think of things! I've got it all cut and dried. We get hold of some grub to-day and pack it somewhere in the bush, ready for to-morrow. See? Easy enough—only got to ask Bomoo for grub for a picnic. Then we shall be all right! That beastly ketch clears off before we show up again, and we're all right for another week or two, and it won't be our fault if we've been lost in the bush—see? He, he, he!"

"So that's the big idea, is it?" gasped Bob.

"That's it!" said Bunter. "What do you fellows think?"

"I think you're a blithering, blethering ass!" said Johnny Bull.

"I think you're a frabjous, foozling fathead!" said Bob.

"I think you're a footling bloater!" remarked Frank Nugent.

"Look here, you beasts," roared Bunter, "if you're not going to back a fellow up—"

"You silly Owl," said Harry Wharton, "we've got to start for home to-morrow, and we've got to get aboard the Dawn at nine. Come on, you fellows, now Bunter's done his funny turn."

"Beasts!" roared Bunter, in indignant wrath, as the Famous Five pushed out the whaleboat and glided away over the shining lagoon, laughing. "Yah! Rotters! Swabs!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter had an orange in his fat hand. He had taken only one bite at it so far. Bunter's bites were extensive; still, there remained enough of the orange for use as a missile.

He raised his right hand and hurled the orange with all the force of his fat arm into the whaleboat as it glided away from the beach.

Bob Cherry's hand went up, and he caught it neatly as it reached the boat. The next moment he returned it.

Whiz!

Bang!

"Yarooooop!" roared Billy Bunter, as the orange squashed on a fat nose and he sat down suddenly on the sand.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

A roar of laughter floated back from the whaleboat as it scudded across the lagoon.

Billy Bunter sat and dabbed orange-juice from his fat face and glared after the whaleboat with a glare that almost cracked his spectacles.

"Beasts!" gasped Bunter.

The fat Owl rolled back to the bungalow, wrathful and indignant.

He had taken the trouble to think out that remarkable wheeze for dodging return to school—and this was the sort of gratitude he received!

Really, it was quite a masterly wheeze, for if the Greyfriars party lost the passage in the Dawn, there was no doubt that they would have to wait for another ship—and ships from Kalua down to Suva were not frequent. But for some reason, unknown to Bunter, the Famous Five did not seem disposed to clear off till the ketch had sailed and come back with a tale of having been lost in the bush.

But if the Famous Five were not "on," Bunter was. They could go back to Quelch, and Latin, and French, and maths on the first day of the term if they liked. Bunter did not like, and Bunter was not going. A fellow could hardly be blamed if he lost his passage through being lost in the bush; and Billy Bunter was quite resolved to be "lost" in the bush when the Dawn sailed for Suva.

The other fellows, he considered, would hardly sail without him. But even if they did, Bunter would be all right.

Sitting in a shady veranda or under the shade of a nodding palm, feeding on the fat of the land and exerting himself no more than a plump turtle suited Bunter; it was ever so much better than the Form-room with old Quelch! Even had Kalua-alua-lalua been less attractive, it would have attracted Bunter, in the circumstances; for anything, of

course, was better than work or the remotest prospect of work.

Bunter's plan was not only masterly, but it was easy to carry out. It was only necessary to ask Bomoo, and the house-boy at once packed a supply of "grub" for Bunter to enjoy a picnic on the beach. Certainly Bomoo did not guess that that "picnic" was to take place on the morrow, deep in the bush, while the Dawn was pulling out of the lagoon, leaving Bunter behind.

In possession of that bundle, the next item on the programme was to convey it to some safe and shady spot at a distance where, on the morrow, Bunter would be able to camp in safety, unseen, instead of going on the ketch.

But at that point in the programme laziness supervened. The tropical day was hot, and Bunter was lazy, and he decided to postpone his walk into the bush till the cool of the evening.

Even Bunter realised that he had better not leave it till the morning. He realised that it might excite suspicion if he was seen starting for the bush with a bundle of grub about the time that the rest of the party were starting for the ketch with their baggage.

But when the sun sank behind the hills of Kalua, and the scorching heat of the day was diminishing, Bunter prepared for action.

He was still unwilling to exert himself; but the sight of the whaleboat in the distance, returning from the cruise round the lagoon, stirred him to exertion. He did not want to run the risk of those beasts having an eye on him.

So the fat Owl picked up his bundle and rolled down the steps from the veranda—just as Lord Mauleverer, after a day spent mostly at his cousin's bedside, came out to take the air on the beach.

Billy Bunter, blinking back over a fat shoulder to make sure that no eyes were upon him as he started for the bush, found himself blinking at Lord Mauleverer's smiling face.

"Goin' for a walk, old fat man?" asked Mauly.

"Oh, yes—no!" answered Bunter lucidly.

Mauleverer gazed at him and at the bundle. Supper was due in half an hour, yet Bunter was starting off with a bundle in his hand—and a bundle carried by Billy Bunter could hardly contain anything but grub! It was rather puzzling to Mauly.

"What have you got there, old bean?" asked Mauly.

"Oh, nothing! It's not grub!" explained Bunter hastily. "I didn't ask Bomoo to pack grub for me for a picnic, Mauly. Besides, I've had the picnic."

"Oh gad!" ejaculated Mauly.

"I'm not going into the bush," added Bunter astutely. "I don't suppose I could find my way to that old banyan-tree off the path. As for leaving this bundle there, I'm not thinking of doing anything of the kind. Why should I?"

"Oh gad!" repeated Mauly blankly.

"I'm just going for a—a stroll," said Bunter breezily. "I say, if you trot down to the quay you'll meet the fellows coming in in the boat, Mauly. They'd rather like to see you on the quay, I—I think. I'm not trying to get shut of you or anything, Mauly!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Mauly.

And he walked down to the quay, wondering for a few minutes what the fat and fatuous Owl was up to till he forgot his fat existence.

And Billy Bunter, happily satisfied that he had completely pulled the wool

(Continued on page 28.)

AN INTERESTING WALK AND A CHEERY TALK WITH—

The GREYFRIARS GUIDE



ALL ROUND GREYFRIARS.

(1)

And so we come to Chunkley's Stores,
It's bound to meet your eye,
Where the lights are thickly
clustered,
And the shopmen keen as mustard
On inducing you to buy.
They'll sell you anything you please
From charabancs to Cheddar cheese,
From chicory to chimpanzees,
Provided you can pay.

Chunkley's Stores, Courtfield.

They'll sell you chandeliers and chains,
And charcoal, chips, and cheap cham-
pagues,
And chisels, charts, and chatelaines
(I'll keep this up all day!)
And chessmen, chops, and china plates,
And cherries, chestnuts, chocolates—
(I'll keep on till I drop!)
And chickweed, chaff, and children's
cots,
And chintz, cheroots, and chariots—
(The Ed's just shouted "STOP!")

(2)

All right! Let's talk of Chunkley's
Stores,
It's simply full of wares.
In Chunkley's you may purchase
Any goods from chalk to churches,
Or from chicken-runs to chairs,
With choppers, chows, chiffoniers,
And chamois and chinchilla furs—
(Sorry, he's gone clean barmy, and
has been carried out, shouting: "Chuck
it, you chortling chumps!"—Ed.)

THE GREYFRIARS ALPHABET

HERBERT VERNON-SMITH,
the Famous "Boulder" of the Remove.

V is VERNON-SMITH, of course,
He's a lad of skill and force,
Full of character and grit,
Clever, cool, with lots of wit,
Keen on sport of every kind
(That is, when he feels inclined!)
Since his dad's a millionaire,



He has tons of cash to spare.
Hard, unscrupulous, though rash,
He takes care of all that cash!
But—the Boulder's qualities
Aren't all open ones like these,
Smithy's keen on cards—and wins!
Smithy's fond of dingy inns!
Smithy likes a horse to back!
Smithy's asking for the sack!

ANSWER to PUZZLE

Skinner and Snoop each had 2 full, 3
half-full, and 2 empty bottles. Stott
had 3 full, 1 half-full, and 3 empty
bottles.

A WEEKLY BUDGET OF FACT AND FUN

By
**THE GREYFRIARS
RHYMESTER**

GREYFRIARS GRINS

Coker said the other day that he
wished Prout would "keep his hair on."
Prout sadly wishes the same thing.

A village boy shot stones at Gosling's
dog with a catapult. Most fortunately
the stones all missed and merely hit
Loder of the Sixth.

A covey of postmen, headed by a
brass band were seen marching through
Courtfield yesterday. It turned out to
be the Postmen's Annual Outing, but
for a moment we thought Bunter's
postal order had arrived.

PUZZLE PAR

Skinner, Snoop, and Stott, on
a picnic, had 7 bottles full of pop,
7 bottles half-full, and 7 bottles
empty. How did they divide
them so that each got the same
amount of the infuriating liquor
and the same number of bottles?

Answer at foot of column 2.

Coker is very keen on joining the
new Civil Air Force. As a start, he is
going to learn to be civil.

There are grave fears in the school
that Gosling may be losing his mind.
He was seen doing some work yester-
day.

RANDOM RIDDLES

What can you throw into a pond with-
out getting it wet?—Your shadow.

Why is P.-e. Tozer like a rainbow?—
Because he appears when the storm is
over.

Why is a taciturn fellow like a pin?—
Because his head stops him going too
far.

Why is Bunter like a baker?—Be-
cause he "kneads dough."

SHORT FROM THE COURT

Mr. Peter Todd, counsel in a case at
the Remove Police Court said: "My
learned friend doesn't know anything
about anything!" About time he
called him his "ignorant friend," I
should think.

THE MODEL YOUTH!

(Extracts from Uncle Beelzebub's "Kind
Words To Kids and Cads" show that
Billy Bunter is a Shining Example!)

"ALWAYS be ready to help those who
stand in need."

When Bunter spots the grub you've got
Upon your study shelf,
He stands in need of all the lot,
And so he helps himself!

"ALWAYS listen carefully to what is
said."

When in your study's solitude
A secret you make clear,
You'll know that to the keyhole glued
Is Billy Bunter's ear!

"ALWAYS stick to your comrades."

If ever you decide to fix
A picnic—mind your speech!
When Bunter finds it out, he sticks
Much closer than a leech!

"ALWAYS expect the best to happen,
even if it doesn't."

A postal order, it appears,
Is what he'd like to get,
He's been expecting it for years—
It hasn't happened yet!

"ALWAYS share your things with
others."

When Bunter has some lines to write
He's keen, I understand,
On sharing them, for he'll invite
His pals to take a hand!

"ALWAYS tell the truth."

That's William George, a model
youth!
His character's true blue!
He always, ALWAYS tells the truth
If nothing else will do!

over Mauly's eyes, rolled away by the path in the bush and carefully concealed his supply of provender under the many branches and stems of the old banyan—to be ready on the morrow when the Dawn sailed.

After which he rolled back to the bungalow, grinning, and continued to grin over the supper-table, and was still grinning when he rolled off to bed!

THE TWENTY-FIRST CHAPTER.

Bunter, Too!

"WHERE'S that ass?"

"Where's that chump?"

"Where's that burbling blitherer?"

"The wherefulness is terrific!"

"My gudeness!" exclaimed Mr. McTab. "Has that loon wandered away and lost himself, and the King of the Islands waiting to get the hook up?"

The Famous Five exchanged exasperated glances.

It was nine in the morning. Baggage had already been taken on the Dawn. Captain and crew of the ketch were preparing for sea. The Famous Five had given Brian Mauleverer, alias Ysabel Dick, a look-in, and shaken hands all round with the one-time out-cast of Kalua. Lord Mauleverer was remaining with him for a last word or two, and the Famous Five looked round for Bunter, and realised that they had not seen him since breakfast.

Billy Bunter had disappeared.

"The loon!" said Mr. McTab. "The silly loon!"

He called to Bomoo, and the house-boy and five or six other Kanakas started looking for Bunter.

But the Famous Five did not expect them to have any luck. They had forgotten the masterly scheme that the fat Owl had unfolded the previous day; but they remembered it now.

"The frabjous ass!" said Bob Cherry. "He's dodging!"

"The dodgefulness is terrific!"

"In the bush!" said Johnny Bull. "Might as well look for a needle in a haystack as for a fellow in the bush! The howling ass!"

"Anythin' up, you fellows?" asked Lord Mauleverer, as he came at last out of the bungalow. "Waitin' for me?"

"That ass Bunter——"

"That bloated bandersnatch, Bunter——"

"Lost him?" asked Mauly. "Well, he can't be far away—and he's wide enough to be seen——"

"He's lying doggo!" growled Johnny Bull. "He's gone into the bush and taken a day's grub with him, to keep doggo till the Dawn has sailed!"

"Wh-a-at?"

"The howling ass told us the wheeze

yesterday," explained Harry. "But we never thought he would be idiot enough to do it on his own—in fact, we forgot all about the blithering chump——"

"He's hidden in the bush somewhere!" said Nugent. "The potty porpoise is going to keep out of sight till the Dawn's sailed! See! That's his idea—the sort of idea that Bunter would have!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lord Mauleverer. What the Famous Five had told him let in light on Bunter's antics the previous evening.

"Well, it's not a laughing matter, Mauly," said Harry Wharton. "We've got to go in the ketch, or lose the steamer at Suva—and we can't go and leave that benighted owl behind——"

"Then we'll jolly well root him out!" grinned Mauleverer. "Come on!"

"Can you guess where he is then?"

"Yaas!" chuckled Mauly.

"Oh, good!"

The Famous Five followed Lord Mauleverer up the beach, through the palms, and by the path into the bush. About fifty yards up the path, Lord Mauleverer turned from it, and pushed through the bush, to the massive old banyan-tree that towered above the lesser growths.

Under the branches of the banyan, amid the throng of stems, it was dusky and shady.

Lord Mauleverer came to a halt, and the Famous Five looked at him.

"Think he's there?" asked Bob.

"Yaas!"

"Well, why?" asked Harry.

"Because I saw him carting off a bundle of grub last evening, and he told me he wasn't going to leave it here!" explained Mauleverer.

"Oh, my hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

That sound of laughter evidently reached hidden ears among the stems of the banyan, for the juniors heard a startled gasp, from someone unseen.

"Come out, you fat frog!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Oh crikey!" came a gasp.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Roll out, barrel!" shouted Johnny Bull.

"I—I say, you fellows, I—I'm not here!" came a startled squeak.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hook him out!" said Harry Wharton.

The juniors crowded under the banyan.

A glimmer of spectacles in the dusk caught their eyes. Billy Bunter was seated in the dusky shade, his podgy back resting against a trunk, and the bundle—already open—before him! Bunter had been, apparently, about to add something to his breakfast, when the Greyfriars party arrived!

The fat Owl gave them an almost devastating blink through his spectacles. "Beasts!" he gasped. "How did you know I was here? I—I mean, I—I wasn't hiding here, you know! I—I was just coming! You fellows start, and I—I'll follow you at—once!"

Bob Cherry stooped and took hold of a fat ear.

"I'll take this with me!" he remarked. "You can suit yourself about coming along with it, old fat man!"

"Yaroooooh!"

"Come on, Bunter!" said Harry Wharton, laughing.

"Ow! Leggo my ear!" yelled Bunter.

"I'm coming, ain't I? Leggo my ear, Bob Cherry, you beast!"

"Take his other ear, Johnny!"

"I've got it!"

"Yaroooooh!"

"Coming, Bunter?"

"No! Wow! I mean yes!" howled Bunter. "Leggo my ears, you beasts! Ow! I say you fellows—yoo-hooop!"

Billy Bunter, by his fat ears, was hooked out from the dusky depths of the banyan, rather like a fat winklo from a shell.

A chortling party returned to the beach—Billy Bunter walking between Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull, holding on to two fat ears! Several times, en route, Bunter lagged—but a jerk at those fat ears started him again. His fat face was crimson with wrath when they emerged upon the beach, and walked down to the quay.

"Oh, here ye are," exclaimed Mr. McTab. "where did ye find the loon?"

"I—I—I was lost in the bush!" gasped Bunter. "I—I wasn't keeping out of sight to miss the boat, you know——"

"My gudeness!" said Mr. McTab.

"I say, you fellows, you go on board—I've left something at the bung," said Bunter. "I'll cut off—I'll be back in a couple of minutes——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Keep hold of his ears!"

"Ow! Beasts! Wow!"

Billy Bunter's fat ears were not released till he was on the gang-plank, crossing the same to the deck of the Dawn. Then the juniors bade farewell to Mr. McTab, and followed him, and the "hook" came up. And as King of the Islands sailed the ketch out of the lagoon, the juniors stood in a bunch by the rail, waving farewell to the manager of Kalua—with the exception of Billy Bunter, whose fat hands were busily occupied in rubbing a pair of fat ears!

THE END.

(Harry Wharton & Co. back at Greyfriars! Look out for next week's extra-special school story: "THE BOY WHO WOULDN'T BE TAMED!" It's the real goods, chums, so make sure of reading it by ordering your copy WELL IN ADVANCE!)

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TUBBY'S VOW OF VENGEANCE!

Another Sparkling Spasm of our Sensational Serial: "THE SLACKER OF ST. SAM'S!" By our champion story-teller DICKY NUGENT.

Thud! Bang! Wallop!
"Bust it!"
Tubby Barrell, of St. Sam's, turned red—and looked round the Head's study like a startled fawn!

The fat Fourth-Former had just been skoffing a cake; but he didn't feel a bit like skoffing when he heard the unmistakable sound of the Head's hob-nailed boots outside!

Doctor Birchmell had a rooted objection to juniors dropping into his study and skoffing his tuck. If he caught Tubby finishing off his cake, the chances were that he would pretty well finish off Tubby!

Thud! Bang! Wallop!

As the sound of the footsteps drew nearer, Tubby distinguished the voices of the Head and Mr. Lickham, in earnest confab. He stared round wildly, his fat flesh fairly wobbling with fear. What should he do?

With a squeak like a frightened rabbit, he dived under the table and tucked himself out of sight.

The door opened. With a quaking heart, Tubby saw two pairs of legs cross the floor till they stopped beside the table.

"Take a pew, Lickham!" he heard Doctor Birchmell say. "And listen to the wheeze I've invented for getting yung Yawnington through this coming test of fizzical fitness. I want you to tell me exactly what you think of it."
"Plezzure, sir, I'm sure!"

"The wheeze is based on the supposition that Yawnington's grate-gate-grandfather, Sir Frederick Funguss, can be so much impressed by Yawnington doing one clever ather-lottick feat that he will require no further proof. I think that's a reasonable supposition, Lickham, don't you?"

"Quite reasonable, sir, if Yawnington will oblige!"

grinned the master of the Fourth. "But how the dickens, mite I ask, are you going to get a slacker like Yawnington to perform any kind of atherlottick feat—let alone a clever one?"

The Head's eyes twinkled roughly. "Aha! That's just where my little wheeze comes in," he chuckled. "I'll get down to brass tacks and tell you what it is. Briefly I propose to get Yawnington to lift an enormously heavy weighted bar—

a bar so heavy that it will defy the efforts of Sir Frederick and his fizzical culture expert to dislodge it from the floor!"

"But—but—"

"You are wondering how Yawnington will manage this super-yewman task?" asked Doctor Birchmell.

"Don't worry, my dear chap. He won't! My plan is to try it on Sir Frederick and his expert first. After they have tried and failed, I shall find some way of getting them to look out of the window. While they're doing this, I shall roll the real weight out of site and substitute another."

"My hat!"

"The second one will look exactly like the first," grinned the Head. "But, in actual fact, it will be a very different proposition—consisting, between ourselves, of a wooden bar with

a blown-up balloon at each end of it!"

"Grate pip!"

"It will be as light as a feather—and Yawnington will be able to lift it quite easily," said the Head, enthusiastically. "As a matter of fact, Lickham, I have already made it. Like to have a squint?"

"Yes, rather, sir."

The Head went to a cupboard, propped his weird invention, and showed it to Mr. Lickham. The



master of the Fourth couldn't help wissling admiringly when he saw it.

"You certainly are a coiffdrop, sir, if you don't mind my saying so," he grinned. "Why, sir, this would deceive the keenest critick!"

"I thought it wasn't bad myself, Lickham," chuckled the Head. "Well, my dear fellow, now you've got the whole bag of tricks. What do you think of the wheeze?"

"Absolutely spiffing, sir!" declared Mr. Lickham. "When Sir Frederick sees Yawnington lifting that lifelike imitation of a ton weight, he'll be as pleased as a dog with two tails!"

"Good! Awfully glad you like it, Lickham. Mum's the word, mind!"

The Head went back to his cupboard and replaced the sham weight in its hiding-place. And then Tubby Barrell heard him utter a sudden howl of rage.

"My cake!"

"What's wrong with your cake, sir?" asked Mr. Lickham.

"It's gone—vamoosed—vanished!" yelled the Head, his face almost purple with pashun. "Some theeving rotter has wolfed it!"

"Oh, crumbs!" gasped Mr. Lickham. "I wonder who could have had the nerve to take such a liberty, sir?"

Doctor Birchmell tugged his beard vishusly.

"I think I can guess who it is," he rasped. "It's the greediest yung gormandiser in the school—a yung raskal belonging to your Form, Lickham!"

Mr. Lickham grinned. "Ah! I think I know who you mean! We'd better find him at once. This way, sir!"

He led the way out of the Head's study, followed closely by the Head, who carried with him a large birch.

As soon as they had gone, Tubby Barrell rose from his hiding-place under the table and hopped it. Tubby, who had not reckernised himself from the

Head's uncomplimentary description, was grinning all over his face.

"I expect the Head hinks it's Jolly or somebody," he muttered to himself. "I'm glad he never suspected me!"

But the fat Fourth-Former was destined to receive a rude awakening on that point. Arriving down in the Hall, he ran slap-bang into the two beaks; and much to his serprize and

TOM REDWING KICKS GOAL... AND GOALIE KICKS HIMSELF!

H. Vernon-Smith's WEEKLY SPORTS SHORTS from the Press Box.

The Rookwood Junior Eleven came to Greyfriars on Wednesday, and were defeated by the only goal in the match, scored by your humble.

These are the bare facts about a game which players and spectators alike will remember for many a long day.

It was played at a spanking pace and with really grizz determination by both sides. We were without Wharton, Bull, Cherry, and Inky; and as Rookwood were at full strength, we were very much up against it. For the best part of the first half, we were forced to concentrate on defence, Jimmy Silver's crowd going all out for goals. The home goal had some very narrow escapes at times; but, fortunately, Hazeldane proved equal to the occasion.

In the second half, Rookwood began to tire, and weakened a little in their attack. Their defense, however, was very sound, and it began to look as if a goalless draw was in the offing, when our forward line found an opening and I scored from just outside the penalty area.

It was one of the closest games I have ever played in and we did well to win.

The First Eleven also opened their season auspiciously by winning 5-3 at St. Jim's on Wednesday. Wingate scored three of the goals and North and Walker one each. Well done, the old 'uns!

A mixed team of Bell and Upper Fourth players were lucky to stave off a double-figure defeat by the Fifth last Saturday. The Fifth, who were in irresistible form, scored eight times without reply!

Tom Redwing had the distinction of scoring a goal from the half-way line during Compulsory Practice on Tuesday. The goal was no fluke, either. He kicked it high and allowed for the strong wind that was blowing in his favour, and the ball just sailed under the crossbar into the net. Tom Brown, in goal, was so annoyed about it that he spent the last five minutes kicking himself!

dismay, they swooped down on him like hawks on their pray.

"Gotcher!" cried Doctor Birchmell, seeing Tubby by his fat ears and twisting them till Tubby shrieked with pain. "Help me to yank him over to the table, Lickham. After that, perhaps you will oblige by holding him down while I dust his trowsis!"

"With plezzure, sir!"

Let us draw a veil, dear reader, over the painful scene that ensued when the Head got to work with his instrument of tortcher. Suffice it to say that by the time the Head had finished, Tubby was very sorry he had ever had the idea of skoffing the cake.

The Head felt a lot better, as he returned to his study with Mr. Lickham to finish discussing his wheeze for enabling Yawnington to pass his test.

But he would not have been so cheerful, had he heard what Tubby was saying as he rolled back, moaning and groaning, to the Fourth Form quarters.

"Revenge!" Tubby was muttering. "That's what I'm going to have—revenge! And I jolly well know how to get it, too! I'm going to show up the Head by busting those balloons when Yawny's weight-lifting stunt comes off!"

There was no doubt that Tubby was right there. Doctor Birchmell certainly would sit up—if Tubby's vow of vengeance was really fulfilled!

(Will Tubby wreck the Head's brainy plan? For the answer, read the hilarious final instalment of this ripping serial in next week's number!)

BRIGADE CALL TO RESCUE STRANDED CAT!

Remove Firemen Jeered, But Not Cheered

This week the Remove Fire Brigade had their first opportunity of distinguishing themselves since last Firework Night.

There was no outbreak of fire. It was only Mrs. Kebble's cat that had somehow become stranded on a narrow ledge at the top of the School House building. But as cat-rescuing jobs are taken seriously even by professional firemen, the Remove treated the turn-out with appropriate respect.

Wingate, who paid the Remove squad the compliment of giving them the job, told Chief Officer Redwing to take his time over it. "Cats are funny creatures," he said. "You don't want to scare it; and the time factor doesn't come into

it as it does in a fire."

So the squad went to work with unusual deliberation. The escape was manœuvred very carefully into position and run up in slow-motion style. Tom Redwing, who elected to go up for the cat himself, ascended the ladder at a leisurely pace.

By the time he reached the top, half the school had assembled below. A loud cheer went up as Redwing went forward to collect the house-keeper's pet.

Unfortunately, the cheer proved to be premature. Before Redwing could gather in his quarry, the cat had moved along the ledge out of his reach.

Redwing spent several



minutes trying to induce it to return. But the animal just stared at him and mewed. Redwing came down again and the escape was moved. He went up once more.

As Wingate had mentioned, cats are funny creatures. No sooner had Redwing got to the top than the obstinate quadruped went back to its first position. The Chief Officer, after vainly making affectionate sounds to it with

PEP, SNAP and ZIP!

Hold the line, buddies, for EDITOR FISHER T. FISH.

Howya, all youse? Meet your old pal Fisher T. Fish again and get a load of this. The good old "Greyfriars Herald" is going ahead like a prairie fire, and every number hits a new high while F. T. F. runs the show!

Boys and gals! I wanna tell you there's big times coming for yours truly if things go the way I figure they will. I'll tell a man!

I guess I ain't had my break yet. When Wharton left me to be Temporary Editor of the "Greyfriars Herald," he made me

promise I would carry on the paper according to tradition. I'm a man of my word and I've done it just the way he said. I guess I could hardly have done otherwise, anyway, for the slabsided jay seems to have left word with half the school to give me the works if I did anything he wouldn't like!

All the same, pals, that big break surely is coming my way, one time. And when it does—boy! Will you see some changes in this li'l ol' paper? I'll say you will.

Right from the moment when F. T. F. gets real control of the "Greyfriars Herald," it becomes the slickest, snappiest, zippiest tabloid newspaper ever! Every sentence will contain one sensation. Every paragraph will get you sitting on the edge of your chair, with your hair standing upright on your scalp and your eyes bolting out of their sockets!

Yes, siree, and the news that I print when that glad day comes will be news with a purpose. No more wasting space reporting what you guys call "japes" and "rags." My news will be news that matters—slick new ways of making dough, scandals about guys that get my goat, and latest news of the Editor's snappy business brainwaves!

You betcha there will be a change or two or three when F. T. F. gets his big break on the "Greyfriars Herald." Just a few!

Let's hope it won't be long in coming, pals!

Be meeting you!

FISHER T. FISH.

WHEN GIRLS INVADE GREYFRIARS THINGS WILL WAKE UP... AND THEN SOME! Declares Clara Trevlyn

The article Tom Brown wrote in last week's number about the awful things that would happen if Cliff House and Greyfriars combined is sheer bosh. My own idea is that if our respective schools went co-ed and became one, you boys would all be improved enormously by it.

You can take it from me that we should certainly not want you, as Brown implies, to give up footer for basketball and hockey. It's far more likely that we should want to take up footer ourselves!

As for the idea of you boys going all girlish and "catty," I can't for the life of me see why anything so freakish should happen. I am perfectly sure that having boys in our class would not make us girls the slightest bit masculine. So why the reverse?

In any case, the idea that girls spend all their time discussing dress and being "catty" to each other is

quite out of date and Brown's cool assumption that it is true merely shows up his simplicity. Let me tell you, Master Brown, that Cliff House girls have interests just as wide and varied as those of the average Greyfriars boy. So there!

As for that fanciful picture Brown draws of studies decorated with funny little curtains all tied up with ribbon—well, really, words fail me!

And then, of course, there is that delicate matter of adding knitting and cooking to your class subjects. Naturally, Brown had to drag in that! Boys who argue against co-education always trot out knitting and cooking, as though knitting and cooking finish the argument.

But they don't! My idea about knitting and cooking for boys is: why not? Soldiers, sailors, cowboys, explorers, and most of the world's male heroes can darn their own socks and cook their own food. Then, why not the Greyfriars Remove?

Oh, no, Master Brown! Your arguments are not a bit convincing to those who know what's what. When girls do invade Greyfriars, you'll wake up—and it will be quite a pleasant awakening for you, too!

But, of course, as you say, it may never happen.

In that case, the loss will be yours!

his lips for some time, came down for a rest. The escape was moved back and Tom Brown took Redwing's place. Brown received just the same treatment. So did Rake, who followed him, and Peter Todd, who followed Rake.

Finally, the brigade held a conference on ways and means of getting out of the dilemma. It was while they were in the middle of their confab that a roar of laughter from the crowd made them look up.

They were just in time to see Mrs. Kebble's cat calmly climb up a sloping length of drainpipe leading to the roof and hop through a ventilating-shaft that led into the House!

The conference broke up and the escape was wheeled back to the brigade hut—amid cheers from the crowd and unintelligible mutterings from the Remove firemen.

Wingate has been asked if he will bestow the honour and privilege of rescuing the next stranded cat on the Senior Squad. The Remove firemen say they are welcome to it!